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"KINNIN' OLE GUTLE KINN' DE YARD."—Page 52.

Mother-Song

AND

Child-Song

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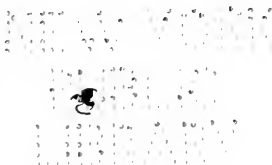
Charlotte Brewster Jordan

VIGNETTE EDITION

WITH NUMEROUS NEW ILLUSTRATIONS

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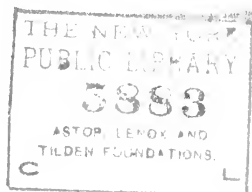
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The poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Phoebe Cary, Emma Lazarus, Lucy Larcom, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Harriet Pres-

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The editor also gratefully acknowledges the kindness and courtesy of authors who have permitted the use of their poems, and whose advice and assistance have been most helpful in the compilation of this book.

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MOTHER-SONG.

“ As ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye
be also of the consolation.”

MOTHER-SONG.

A MOTHER-SONG.

SOFT sleeps the earth in moonlight blest ;
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest ;
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note and all is still.
Sleep, little darling ; night is long—
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And while the great moon spreads her wings.
While low, while far, the dear earth swings.
Sleep, little darling ; all night long
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother-care,
And hosts of heaven, together rest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling ; from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

THERE came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on ;
I looked and looked and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, O my daughter !

She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyds,—
My daughter, O my daughter !

Ring out, wild bells, and tamed ones too !
Ring out the lover's moon !
Ring in the little worsted socks !
Ring in the bib and spoon !

Ring out the muse ! ring in the nurse !
Ring in the milk and water !
Away with paper, pen, and ink.—
My daughter, O my daughter !

GEORGE W. CABLE.

ONLY A CHILD.

" 'T IS only a child ! " the people said
As they passed the house of our baby dead.
A child they saw, and nothing more,
From the ribbon white upon the door.
Only a child !

" 'T is only a child ! " I heard aloud
As the hearse went threading thro' the crowd,
And no one thought to waft a prayer,
For only a child was passing there.
Only a child !

'T was only a child, the curious read
On the marble shaft above his head :
" A little child of the briefest year
Among the dead lies buried here."
Only a child !

'T was only a child ! But more to me
Than all this world again can be.
Our future hope and present joy—
God's dearest gift—that angel boy.
Only a child !

'T was only a child ! Yes ; that was all—
A little child so tiny and small.
And yet, O Christ, thro' him I see
The way and life that leads to Thee.
Only a child !

ANONYMOUS.



' ONLY A LAUGHING FACE.'—Page 7.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
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C

L

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,
Dropped from the skies ;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes.

Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose ;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft ;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft.

Only a little brain,
Empty of thought ;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear ;
Only a life to love,
While we are here.

Only a baby small,
Never at rest ;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

AN OLD GAELIC CRADLE-SONG.

HUSH ! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam:
Father toils amid the din ;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep,
On they come, on they come !
Brother seeks the lazy sheep,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o' er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam :
Sister goes to seek the cows ;
But baby sleeps at home.

ANONYMOUS.

BABY MINE.

BABY mine, with the grave, grave face,
Where did you get that royal calm,
Too staid for joy, too still for grace?
I bend as I kiss your pink, soft palm.
Are you the first of a nobler race,
Baby mine?

You come from the region of long ago,
And gazing awhile where the seraphs dwell
Has given your face a glory and glow.
Of that brighter land have you aught to tell?
I seem to have known it; I more would know
Baby mine.

Your calm, blue eyes have a far-off reach.
Look at me now with those wondrous eyes
Why are we doomed to the gift of speech
While you are silent and sweet and wise?
You have much to learn; you have more to teach,
Baby mine.
FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me,
To lead me gently onward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I by the force of Nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of the brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover ?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,

Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zincli
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled ;
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky ;—

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to,
Transfigures its golden hair.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright ;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a clear sunrise,
That we could only say,
" She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by that name ;
And very fitting did it seem,
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower,
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew ;

And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour ;
And how in her imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup ;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead !

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round ;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground.
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth ;
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Oh, Earth ! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain !
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain ;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A CHILD'S SMILE.

A CHILD'S smile,—nothing more ;
Quiet, and soft, and grave and seldom seen ;
Like summer lightning o'er,
Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,
Thine angel, who did grieve to see how far
Thy childhood is removed
From sports that dear to other children are,

On this pale cheek has thrown
The brightness of his countenance, and made
A beauty like his own—
That, while we see it, we are half afraid,

And marvel, will it stay ?
Or, long ere manhood, will that angel fair,
Departing some sad day,
Steal the child-smile and leave the shadow care ?

Nay, fear not. As it is given
Unto this child the father watching o'er,
His angel up in heaven
Beholds our Father's face forevermore,

And he will help him bear
His burden, as his father helps him now ;
So may he come to wear
That happy child-smile on an old man's brow.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

THE WAY THE BABY SLEPT.

AND this is the way the baby slept ;
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quavering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known ;
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept—
And this is the way the baby slept.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Rhymes of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
Thy father's watching the sheep !
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Thy Saviour loves His sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child !
Sleep, baby, sleep !

From the German.

Translated by ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

MY MENDING BASKET.

It is made of the stoutest of willow ;
It is deep and capacious and wide ;
Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through its borders
Seems always to stand at flood-tide !

And the garments lie heaped on each other :
I look at them often and sigh ;
Shall I ever be able to grapple
With a pile that has grown two feet high ?

There's a top-layer, always, of stockings ;
These arrive and depart every day ;
And the things that are playing " button-button "
Also leave without any delay.

But oh, underneath there are strata
Buried deep as the earth's eocene !
Things put there the first of the autumn,
Still there when the trees have grown green.

There are things to be ripped and made over ;
There are things that gave out in their prime ;
There are intricate tasks—all awaiting
One magical hour of " spare time."

Will it come? Shall I ever possess it?

I start with fresh hope every day.

Like a will-o-the-wisp it allures me ;

Like a will-o-the-wisp fades away.

For the basket has never been empty,

During all of its burdened career,

But for once, for a few fleeting moments,

When the baby upset it, last year !

BESSIE CHANDLEE

From "Harper's Bazar."

Copyright, 1894, by HARPER AND BROTHERS.

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT.

THE mill goes toiling slowly around
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound,
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings :
“ Sleep, little tulip, sleep ! ”

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer ;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep—
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of “ Sleep, little tulip, sleep ! ”

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart !



"THE MILL GOES TOILING SLOWLY AROUND."—Page 20.

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And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, sleep !

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink ;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings :
“ Sleep, little tulip, sleep ! ”

EUGENE FIELD.

From “ With Trumpet and Drum.”

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THE MOTHER WHO DIED TOO.

SHE was so little—little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold—
She was so little ! therefore did I crave
My arms might still her tender form enfold.
She was so little, and her cry so weak
When she among the heavenly children came—
She was so little—I alone might speak
For her who knew no word nor her own name.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

A LULLABY.

CLOSE to the heart that is throbbing in love for you,
Innocent, sleep.

Mother love watches in tenderness over you,
Quietly sleep.

Circled by arms that are guarding thy purity,
While from the ocean great waves of futurity
Impotent break on thy bars of security,
Little one, sleep.

Fresh from the portals of Heaven's infinity,
Peacefully rest.
Peace was thy gift from the hand of Divinity—
Exquisite rest.

Tuned is the heart to the heavenly harmony,
Love hath imprinted its ravishing charm on thee,
Innocent soul, with no vestige of harm in thee,
Sweet is thy rest.

WILLIS WALTON FRANZ.

TWO BABY FEET.

ONLY two baby feet, so pink and fair ;
So small I hold them both within my hand,
And bending low I kiss them tenderly,
With thoughts which none but mothers understand.

I note each line of dainty baby grace
Which those dear feet unconsciously possess :
Dear dimpled feet ! how long or short a way
You have to journey, who can tell or guess ?

Dear little feet, that lie yet all unstained
By contact with a world by sin defiled,—
My mother-heart prays God most fervently
That He will guide those restless feet, my child.
And bending o'er thy peaceful couch, I ask
Unanswered questions of thy future days ;
I long to know if these dear feet will tread
Upward or down, through rough or pleasant
ways.

I cannot tell ; it is not mine to know
What God in wisdom for my child hath planned.

And it is best, dear one, that it is so ;
For human reason might not understand.
But He who guides the timid sparrow's flight
When it has fluttered from its sheltered home
Will not forget my child by day or night,
Where'er or far those baby feet may roam.

MRS. MARY FELTON.

OUR LITTLE QUEEN.

COULD you have seen the violets
That blossomed in her eyes ;
Could you have kissed that golden hair,
And drunk those holy sighs ;
You would have been her tiring-maid
As joyfully as I,—
Content to dress your little queen,
And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
Hide in their graves of snow ;
Drawn all that gold along your hand
While she lay smiling so ;—
O, you would tread this weary earth
As heavily as I !—
Content to clasp her little grave,
And let the world go by.

From the Overland Monthly.

THE SECOND MOTHERHOOD.

"He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

O HEARTS that long ! O hearts that wait,
Burdened with love and pain,
Till the dear life-dream, earth-conceived,
In heaven be born again !

O Mother-Souls, whose holy hope
Is sorrowful and blind,
Hear what He saith so tenderly
Who keepeth you in mind.

Of all His flock He hath for you
A sweet, especial grace ;
And guides you with a separate care
To His prepared place.

For all our times are times of type,
Foretokened on the earth ;
And still the waiting and the tears
Must go before the birth.

Still the dear Lord with whom abides
All life that is to be,

Keeps safe the joy but half fulfilled
In His eternity.

Our lambs He carries in His arms
The heavenly meads among ;
And gently leadeth here the souls
Love-burdened with their young !

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

BEING HIS MOTHER.

BEING his mother,—when he goes away
I would not hold him overlong, and so
Sometimes my yielding sight of him grows, O
So quick of tears, I joy he did not stay
'To catch the faintest rumour of them ! Nay,
Leave always his eyes clear and glad, although
Mine own, dear Lord, do fill to overflow ;
Let his remembered features, as I pray,
Smile ever on me ! Ah ! what stress of love
Thou givest me to guard with me thiswise :
Its fullest speech ever to be denied
Mine own—being his mother ! All thereof
Thou knowest only, looking from the skies
As when not Christ alone was crucified.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

From " Green Field and Running Brooks."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

THE ROBIN.

THE robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried, few, express reports
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity,
And April but begun.

The robin is the one
That speechless from her nest
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

EMILY DICKINSON.

THE NURSERY ELF.

DEAR little feet, how you wander and wander,
Little twin truants so fleet !
Dear little head, how you ponder and ponder
Over the things that you meet !

Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter
Over your innocent joys !
Oh, but the house is alive with your clatter,
Shaking, indeed, with your noise !

Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover ?
Is there no end to your fun ?
Soon the " old sand man " will sprinkle you over,
Then the day's frolic is done.

Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,
Closer the dark shadows creep ;
Come, like a bird that is weary of flying ;
Come, let me sing you to sleep.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping ;
Its mother was weeping ;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling ;
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh, come back
to me ! "

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :
" Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.

" And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me !
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father !
For I know that the angels are whispering to
thee."



THE SPINNING WHEEL.

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The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
see :
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snaw
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin ;
Her puckered lip and baumy mou',
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things ;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings !

HUGH MILLER.

PHILIP, MY KING.

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King !
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden ;
I am thine Esther, to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-hand-maiden,
Philip, my King !

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King !
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified !—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King ;
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow

As to one God-throned amidst his peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years !

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King !

A wreath, not of gold but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,

Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray :
Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious
Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
“ Philip, the King ! ”

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The North wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
 Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
 Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! Start not at that sparkling light ;
'T is but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain :
Then, little Darling ! sleep again,
 And wake when it is day.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SOME TIME.

LAST night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby ;
Then, bending down, I kissed your brow—
For, oh ! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall see a weary face
Calm in eternal sleep ;
The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night—
See, O my darling ! how my tears
Are falling as I write ;

And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

EUGENE FIELD.

From "With Trumpet and Drum."

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A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,
What would befall these children ?
What would be
Their fate, who now are looking up to me
For help and furtherance ? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread.
Be comforted ; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun ;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told ;
The world belongs to those who come the
last,
They will find hope and strength as we have
done.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A MOTHER-SONG.

MOTHER, O mother ! forever I cry for you,
Sing the old song I may never forget ;
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you.—
Mother, O mother,
Sing low, “ Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet ! ”

Mother, O mother ! the years are so lonely,
Filled but with weariness, doubt and regret !
Can't you come back to me—for to-night only,
Mother, my mother,
And sing, “ Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet ! ”

Mother, O mother ! of old I had never
One wish denied me, nor trouble to fret ;
Now—must I cry out all vainly forever,—
Mother, sweet mother,
O sing, “ Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet ! ”

Mother, O mother ! must longing and sorrow
Leave me in darkness, with eyes ever wet,

And never the hope of a meeting to-morrow?
Answer me, mother,
And sing, " Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet ! "

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From " Rhymes from Childhood. "

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

THE WONDER-CHILD.

"OUR little babe," each said, "shall be
Like unto thee"—"Like unto *thee*!"
"Her mother's"—"nay, his father's eyes,"
"Dear curls like thine"—but each replies,
"As thine, all thine, and naught of me."
What sweet solemnity to see
The little life upon thy knee,
And whisper as so soft it lies,—
"Our little babe!"

For, whether it be he or she,
A David or a Dorothy,
"As mother fair," or, "father wise,"
Both when it's "good" and when it cries,
One thing is certain,—it will be
Our little babe.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book or pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task !

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SONG FOR A BABE.

LITTLE babe, while burns the west,
Warm thee, warm thee, in my breast,
While the moon doth shine her best,
And the dews distil not.

All the land so sad, so fair—
Sweet its toils are, blest its care ;
Child, we may not enter there !
Some there are that will not.

Fain would I thy margins know,
Land of work and land of snow ;
Land of life, whose rivers flow
On and on, and stay not.

Fain would I thy small limbs fold,
While the weary hours are told,
Little babe in cradle cold.
Some there are that may not.

JEAN INGELow.

MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY.

Who all time dodgin' en de cottin en de corn ?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy.

Who all time stealin' Ole Massa's dinner-horn ?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

By-o li'l' boy.

Oh, run ter es mammy

En she tek 'im in 'er arms,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard ?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy.

Who tek 'e stick 'n' hit ole possum dog so hard ?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

By-o li'l' boy.

Oh, run ter es mammy,

En climb up in 'er lap,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock ?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy.

Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock ?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

By-o li'l' boy.

Oh, run ter es mammy,

En she wipe es li'l' eyes,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake ?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy.

Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake ?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

By-o li'l' boy.

Oh, scoot fer yer mammy,

En she hide yer f'om yer ma,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er
bite ?

Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy.

Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey
look er sight ?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

By-o li'l' boy.

En 'e run ter es mammy,

For ter git 'im out er trouble,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?
Mammy's li'l' boy, Mammy's li'l' boy.

Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can' play?

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,

By-o li'l' boy.

En 'e come ter es mammy,

Fer rock 'im en 'er arms,

Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo.

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo.

Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo.

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,

Shoo, shoo, shoo,

Shoo——

Dere now, lay right down on Mammy's bed en
go 'long back ter sleep,—Shoo-shoo.—Look hyar,
nigger, go way f'om dat do'. You wake dis chile
up wid dat jewsharp, en I'll wear yer out ter
frazzles.—Sh-h-h-

H. S. EDWARDS.

A FACE.

BETWEEN the curtains of snowy lace,
Over the way is a baby's face ;
It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee,
And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry—
But in the wonderful By and By—
Out from the window of God's "To Be,"
That other baby shall beckon to me.

That ever haunting and longed-for face,
That perfect vision of infant grace,
Shall shine on me in a splendor of light,
Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good ;
All that puzzles me understood ;
And the wee white hand that I lost one day,
Shall lead me into the Better Way.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From Maurine and Other Poems.

Published by W. B. CONKEY COMPANY.

A SLUMBER SONG.

HUSH, baby, hush !
In the west there is glory,
With changes of amethyst, crimson, and gold ;
The sun goes to bed like a king in a story
Told by a poet of old.

Hush, baby, hush !
There's a wind on the river,—
A sleepy old wind, with a voice like a sigh ;
And he sings to the rushes that dreamily quiver
Down where the ripples run by.

Hush, baby, hush !
Lambs are drowsily bleating
Down in cool meadows where daisy-buds grow ;
And the echo, aweary with all day repeating,
Has fallen asleep long ago.

Hush, baby, hush !
There are katydids calling
“ Good-night ” to each other adown every breeze ;
And the sweet baby-moon has been falling and fall-
ing,
Till now she is caught in the trees.

Hush, baby, hush !

It is time you were winging
Your way to the land that lies—no one knows
where.

It is late, baby, late ; Mother's tired with her
singing ;

Soon she will follow you there.

Hush, baby, hush !

E. O. COOKE.

FALLING TO SLEEP.

EVENING is falling to sleep in the west,
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest ;
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes.
Sweetly sleep ; Jesus doth keep ;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
Closed are the sweet cups of lily and rose ;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily swing in the trees.
Sweetly sleep ; Jesus doth keep ;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall open once more ;
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar ;
Sleep till the morning sun lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.
Sweetly sleep ; Jesus doth keep ;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

ANONYMOUS.

HOUSED.

"GOOD-BY, mamma," and forth she flies,
Fit comrade for the radiant day
A host of groundless fears arise ;
Those steps may go astray.

O mother robin, lend me wings
To follow where my birdie goes :
Like thine, she darts away and sings,
Unconscious of her foes.

" Good-night, mamma," the same sweet voice,
Still eager for to-morrow's sun ;
While I so earnestly rejoice
The anxious day is done.

My little warbling bird is still ;
And yet I love this hour the best ;
For there she is, secure from ill,
Within her sheltered nest.

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

From " Harper's Bazar."

Copyright, 1898, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking—
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow ;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary—will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine ! of such great loving !
Only mothers know the cost ;
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

SAXE HOLM, (H. H.).

From Saxe Holm's Stories.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

A BABY SONG.

COME, white angels, to baby and me ;
Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,
In his surprise he will cease to weep ;
Hush, child, the angels are coming to thee.

Come, white doves, to baby and me ;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about his golden hair ;
Hark, child, the doves are cooing to thee.

Come, white lilies, to baby and me ;
Drowsily nod before his eyes,
So full of wonder, so round and wise ;
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee.

Come, white moon, to baby and me ;
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep ;
Sleep, child, and the whitest of dreams to thee.

ELIZABETH STODDARD.

I HEARD A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

I HEARD a cry in the night,
And swift I stole from my bed,
To find her, my heart's delight,
Once more in the lonesome night,
As before they called her dead.

I pulled the curtains away,
I bent my lips to her cheek :
She had fled from the glare of day,
Afar on her lonesome way ;
Night came, and I heard her speak.

Again I harked to the call
Of the one little voice so dear ;
No matter what might befall,
I had found her, my darling, my all,
And I held her warm and near.

I laid me down by her side ;
I cooed like a mother dove.
Ah, was it her lips that replied,
Or only the wind that sighed,
And not my dainty, my love ?

For cruel the morning came,
And mocking the blue sky smiled,
And the sun arose like a flame,
And vainly I called her name,
And I wept in vain for my child.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

From "Harper's Bazar."

Copyright, 1893, by HARPER AND BROTHERS.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS.

LITTLE brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
 Wrapped in your nest,
 Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest ;
 Its hands are your nest,
 Its bands are your nest ;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the
 oak ;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling gray
 smoke ;
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes, sleep is best.
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
 Winging to sleep,
 Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
 Shielding their sleep,
 Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep ;
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.
(*Tekahionwake*)

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me,—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'.—Nen *I* cry; an' nen
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Rhymes of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

THE TWO GRIEFS.

SHE smiles as if a merry dream had passed her ;
The gold-red locks that frame her girlish head
Leap with warm life to meet the fire's bold kisses,
And she is dead !

Dry-eyed and haggard, hard with hopeless sorrow,
The mother sits, her warm heart turned to lead :
The child has been her life, her soul, her sunshine,
And she is dead.

Close to the casement creeps a trembling woman,
Sees the white maiden smiling on her bed :
“ Oh, God ! ” she groans, “ if MY child were but
lying
Sinless—and dead !

MARGARET GILMAN GEORGE.

THE CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A LULLABY.

SLEEP, my dear one, sleep :
What though men laugh, what though men weep ?
What though the wind and rain
Murmur their rapture or their pain ?
Love watches over thee
Like the still moon above the sea.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep :
What though men toil, what though they reap ?
What though the devious days
Lead radiant lives in darkened ways ?
Sorrow is not for thee,
Soul of my soul and heart of me.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep :
Time in its tenderness shall keep
Thy sweetly budding soul
In its divinely wise control ;
Hope sings its song for thee,
Hope that is now and yet to be.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep :
The hours move fast, they rush, they leap ;
Red sunrise, then the noon—
A life is lived and lost so soon !
May fate be kind to thee,
Soul of my soul and heart of me.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

REPRIEVE.

TEMPESTS and clouds made dark the day
For fitful Madge and me ;
At length repentance had its way,
And brought her to my knee.

The softened eyes revealed a tear,
But hope is brave at ten.
“ Will you forgive me, mother dear ?
Can I begin again ? ”

“ Oh, child,” I said, with weary sigh,
“ Too often you begin.”
“ Yes, mother ; ” and the calm reply
Showed victory within.

In this remorseful heart sank deep
My lambkin’s pleading glance :
What if the Shepherd of the sheep
Denied me one more chance ?

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

A LULLABY.

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees in the clover !
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover !
Down into wonderland—Down to the underland—
 Go, oh go ! oh go !
Down into wonderland, Go, oh go ! oh go !

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover !
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep ;
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over
Down on the mother-world,—Down on the other
 world !
 Sleep, oh sleep ! oh sleep !
Down on the mother-world, Sleep, oh sleep ! oh
 sleep !

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover !
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn !
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover !
Into the stilly world,—Into the lily world,
 Gone, oh gone ! oh gone !
Into the lily-world, Gone, oh gone ! oh gone !

J. G. HOLLAND.

From "The Mistress of the Manse."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

THE MADONNA.

WE need not ask the painter's art
To draw in tint and line
The gentle one whose throbbing heart
Hath love well-nigh divine.

Yet reverent art hath caught the glow
That slumbers in thine eyes :
Thy gentle face we pilgrims know,
At home 'neath alien skies.

From many a frescoed gallery,
From many a chapel's wall,
It blesses those its smiles who see,
In hovel or in hall.

Madonna, in the way-side shrine,
Or in the prison's gloom,
Thy tender grace, thy brow benign,
Are sweet as spring-tide's bloom.

The little one just come to earth
Finds earth a bit of heaven—
Love meets and greets him at his birth,
Unmixed with sordid leaven.

And thou, O tender one and good,
Art near, his guard to be,
Life's tide of rapture at its flood
O'erbrimming him and thee.

Thy brooding gaze, thy cradling arms,
The fountain of thy breast,
Thy song to soothe his vague alarms,
Thy bosom for his nest.

Madonna, in the peasant's hut,
Madonna, on the throne,
All heaven within thine arms is shut
When thou dost claim thine own.

And loftier still thy beauty glows
When some unmothered child,
Some waif and stray, some vagrant rose,
Thou snatchest from the wild.

True sovereign of the human heart,
Queen whom we first obey,
Love dowers thee, and life, and art,
Christmas and every day.

Or poor or rich, what matters it?
The mother is our shrine;
Her face is ever angel-lit,
Her smile a dream divine.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

SWING thee low in thy cradle soft
Deep in the dusky wood ;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep, as a papoose should ;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owlet hoots in the tree ;
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully ;
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night-wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night ;
But the little papoose in his birchen nest,
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

From " The Detroit Free Press."



"THE LITTLE PAPOOSE IN HIS BIRCHEN NEST."—Page 74.

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A CHILD'S EVENSONG.

THE sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day ;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they ?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out, for just think, too,
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through.
And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye
And gone to sleep beneath the sky.
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you
Must sleep away till morning, too.
Close little eyes, down little heads,
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

WOMAN AND ARTIST.

I THOUGHT to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world—
How can I work with small pink fists
About my fingers curled ?

Then adieu to name and to fame.
They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth,
With its lips against my breast.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

SLEEP visits not my eyelids ; yet I rest
In a content more deep than any sleep ;
Nay, rapt in joy my vigil here I keep,
With trembling hands clasped to my eager breast.

For one I love, after long hours of pain,
Sleeps near me now. Think you that I could
 sleep,
Though needless now the vigil that I keep,
With the dread lifted from my heart and brain ?

Think you that I would sleep ?—would be be-
 guiled,
Cheated of this, my joy ? Nay, let me fast
From sleep through long, glad hours, to hear at
 last
The low, soft breathing of my ailing child.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

THE "COMING MAN."

A PAIR of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose ;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes ;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can,—
And lo ! before us strides in state
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways ;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze ;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's " kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell
In solemn, secret state ;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate ;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour,—

'T is knit now with a troubled doubt,
Are two or three cents more ?

Those lips that in the coming years
Will plead, or pray, or teach ;
Whose whispered words on lightning flash
From world to world may reach ;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control,—
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul !

Those hands—those little busy hands,—
So sticky, small, and brown ;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down,—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 't is but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp ?

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone !
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun.
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan.
Whate'er the Future holds in store,
God bless the " coming man ! "

ANONYMOUS.

INEVITABLE.

TO-DAY I was so weary, and I lay
In that delicious state of semi-waking,
When baby, sitting with his nurse at play,
Cried loud for "Mamma," all his toys forsaking.

I was so weary, and I needed rest,
And signed to nurse to bear him from the room.
Then, sudden, rose, and caught him to my breast,
And kissed the grieving mouth and cheeks of bloom.

For swift as lightning came the thought to me,
With pulsing heart-throes and a mist of tears,
Of days inevitable that are to be,
If my fair darling grows to manhood's years,—

Days when he will not call for "Mamma"; when
The world, with many a pleasure and bright joy,
Shall tempt him forth into the haunts of men,
And I shall lose the first place with my boy ;

When other homes and loves shall give delight ;
When younger smiles and voices will seem best.
And so I held him to my heart to-night,
Forgetting all my need of peace and rest.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From "Poems of Pleasure."

Published by W. B. CONKEY COMPANY.

THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she'd worked at it !
How lovingly had drest
With all her would-be mother's wit
That little rosy nest !

How longingly she'd hung on it !—
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere bleak December fled ;
That rosy nest he never prest.
Her coffin was his bed.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CRADLE SONG.

THE crickets in the corner sing,
O'er farm and field the shadows creep,
Their homeward way the swallows wing,
The sun is setting in the deep.
The squirrels seek their leafy hold,
The fox is in his hollow tree,
And huddled in their silent fold,
The downy lambkins sleeping be.
The little bird within his nest
Hath hid his little head to rest,
And soon, oh, soon
The dreamy moon
Will sail along the fleecy west ;
The day is done,
The night begun,
To sleep, my drowsy little one.

But when at peep o' day we see
The spider weaving at his loom,
The soaring lark above the lea,
The bee amid the clover bloom ;
When frisking baby squirrels wake
And sip the leaves of morning dew,

When baby foxes from the brake
Do prowl the thorny hedges through,
When on the meadow sweet with hay
The white and curly lambkins play,
And sweet and cool,
O'er plain and pool,
Bloweth the breeze of coming day,
Thou, too, shalt rise
To sunny skies,
And open wide thy baby eyes.

ROWAN STEVENS.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

My little girl is nested
 Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
 Around her dainty head.
She lies so calm and stilly,
 She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
 Half-hidden in the snow.
A weary little mortal
 Has gone to slumber land ;
The pixies at the portal
 Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken dolly
 Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
 Upon the rocking-chair.
I kiss your wayward tresses,
 My drowsy little queen,
I know you have caresses
 From floating forms unseen.
O angels, let me keep her
 To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper,
 Who has my love and prayers.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

MY LADDIE.

My laddie, my laddie, with the mane of tawny
gold,

The soft blue eyes, the open brow, the mouth
like Cupid's bow—

My laddie, my laddie, you are scarcely six years
old,

But the ages have been garnering the wonders
you shall know.

For you has Science hoarded her secrets strange
and rare ;

For you have wise men toiled and delved, for
you have brave men fought ;

To make your pathway beautiful, have sea and
earth and air

Through centuries of waiting in mystic pa-
tience wrought.

No battle of the hoary past but had its gage for
you ;

No rune of solemn Norn or Fate but sends its
thrilling strain

.....
To you for whose glad coming all forces, old and
new,
Are blending in concurrent notes, are sounding
time's refrain.

My laddie, O my laddie, I am wistful as I clasp
Your little hand within my own, and think how
many men,
Gone far from earth and memory, beyond our
mortal grasp,
Are living and are breathing, dear child, in you
again—

The Line of Flemish weavers, who were stout and
tough as steel ;
The brave old Holland gentlemen, called "Beg-
gars of the Sea " ;
The coifed and wimpled Puritans, sweet maids
and matrons leal,—
Who poured their weakness and their strength
in the blood of you and me.

My laddie of the golden hair, there stand at God's
right hand
His saints who went through blood and flame,
the yeomen of our line ;
And there are seraphs singing in the glorious
better land
Whose heart-beats kept, when here on earth,
the pace of yours and mine.

Kneel, little laddie, at my side, there's no defence
like this,

An evening prayer in childish trust, and let him
scoff who may,—

A daily prayer to God above, a gentle mother's
kiss,

Will keep my little laddie safe, however long
the day.

Those staunch old burghers of the past, these
nearer gentlemen,

Sans peur et sans reproche, who look through
your sweet eyes of blue,

Were honest men, clean-handed, and they told
the truth ;—what then ?

'T is all I crave, my laddie, when I pray to God
with you.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

“Pipe a song about a lamb ; ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again ; ”
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



"THE COIFED AND WIMPLED PURITANS,"—Page 86.

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LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight ;
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which
 we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, gadil gu lo !
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would
 be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
 drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you
 may
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
 day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

“Sleep on till day.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MATER AMABILIS.

DOWN the goldenest of streams,
Tide of dreams,
The fair cradled man-child drifts ;
Sways with cadenced motion slow,
To and fro,
As the mother-foot, poised lightly, falls and lifts.

He, the firstling,—he, the light
Of her sight,—
He, the breathing pledge of love,
'Neath the holy passion lies,
Of her eyes,—
Smiles to feel the warm, life-giving ray above.

She believes that in his vision,
Skies elysian
O'er an angel people shine.
Back to gardens of delight,
Taking flight,
His auroral spirit basks in dreams divine.

But she smiles through anxious tears,
Unborn years
Pressing forward, she perceives

Shadowy muffled shapes, they come
Deaf and dumb,
Bringing what? dry chaff and tares, or full-eared
sheaves?

What for him shall she invoke?
Shall the oak
Bind the man's triumphant brow?
Shall his daring foot alight
On the height?
Shall he dwell amidst the humble and the low?

Through what tears and sweat and pain,
Must he gain
Fruitage from the tree of life?
Shall it yield him bitter flavor?
Shall its savor
Be as manna midst the turmoil and the strife?

In his cradle slept and smiled
Thus the child
Who as Prince of Peace was hailed.
Thus anigh the mother breast,
Lulled to rest,
Child-Napoleon down the lilled river sailed.

Crowned or crucified—the same
Glows the flame
Of her deathless love divine.
Still the blessed mother stands,
In all lands
As she watched beside thy cradle and by mine.

Whatso gifts the years bestow,
 Still men know,
While she breathes, lives one who sees
(Stand they pure or sin-defiled)
 But the child
Whom she crooned to sleep and rocked upon her
 knee.

EMMA LAZARUS.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

"Now I lay,"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er the folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low :
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord,"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still,—"my soul to keep,"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart ! would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry !

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer !
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be thine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

MRS. R. S. HOWLAND.

BABY AND I.

BABY and I in the twilight sweet,
Hearing the weary birds repeat
Cheery good-nights from tree to tree,
Dearest of all day's comfort see ;

For weary, too,
With kiss and coo,
He gives up all his world—for me.

Baby and I in the twilight's glow,
Watching the branches to and fro
Waving good-nights to the golden west,
Welcome the hour we love the best.

We rock and sing
Till sleep we bring,
Who folds him in her downy nest.

Lingering still in the twilight gray,
After the radiance fades away,
I watch My Darling so still, so fair,
With thankful heart that to my care—

For happiness,
No words express—
Awhile God trusts a gift so dear.

As in his little bed I place
My Babe in all his slumbering grace,
Heaven's starry lamps are lit on high,—
One, angel-borne, now flashes by,—
 And by their light,
 Through all the night,
Celestial watchers will be nigh.

ANNA E. PICKENS.

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea ;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest ;
 Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast ;
 Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,—
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one ; sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CRADLE SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about ?
Very wonderful things, no doubt :
 Unwritten history,
 Unfathomed mystery.
Yet he chuckles and crows, and nods and winks
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx.
 Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
 Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years ;
 And he'll never know
 Where the summers go ;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks ?
Who can follow the gossamer links
 By which the manikin feels his way,
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
 Into the light of day ?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony ;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls ;
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide.

What does he think of his mother's eyes ?
What does he think of his mother's hair ?

What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air ?

What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life and couch of his rest ?

What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,

Words she has learned to murmur well ?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep.
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips.
Softly sinking, down he goes.
Down he goes ! Down he goes !
See ! He's hushed in sweet repose.

J. G. HOLLAND.

From "Bitter Sweet."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

THE CHILDREN.

THROUGH the day, when the children are round
me,

So full of their laughter and play,
I, busy and careworn, oft wonder
How they can be always so gay.
While I long for rest, they care only
To frolic and romp all the day.

They weary me so with their chatter,
Their constant demands and their noise ;
They leave muddy tracks on the carpet,
And litter the room with their toys,—
Till at times from a heart that's o'erburdened
I mete out harsh words to my boys.

But at night, when so softly they're sleeping,
Cuddled down in each snug little bed,
With busy hands safe from all mischief,
And quiet each restless young head,
And a look of such peace on their features
As if never a tear they had shed,—

As I gaze on their dear rosy faces,
So sweet in their innocent sleep,
I pardon, unasked, all their mischief,
Nor thought of their naughtiness keep

For my heart overflows in the silence
With love that is tender and deep.

How small seem the trifles that vex me !
How could they have power to annoy !
And gently I fold the worn garments,
And pick up each battered old toy,
While I think of the homes where no children
Repay every care with a joy,—

Sad homes where their merry young voices
No longer the glad echoes start,
To fall, like the sweetest of music,
On a mother's lone aching heart ;
Whose dear ones too soundly are sleeping,
From her sheltering arms apart.

O mothers, like me, who are weary,
And often too hastily chide,
Keep not your fond words for the sleepers,
Nor wait for the darkness to hide
The love welling up from the heart-spring
When kneeling your darlings beside.

Let us give of our best in the daytime ;
Let mother-love brighten and bless
The pathway the dear ones must travel ;
Too soon will life's burden oppress ;
Let theirs be the joy to remember
Mother's smile and the tender caress.

MARY K. BUCK.

AN OLD LATIN "LULLABY OF THE
VIRGIN."

SLEEP, child—thy mother's first-born thou,
Yea, first and only one.

Then sleep, oh sleep—thy father calls,
Unto his little son.

*To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.*

I strewed the bed for thee alone,
Sleep, babe, so fair to see ;

I strewed it of the softest hay,
Sleep, little son of me.

*To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.*

Sleep, thou, my jewel and my crown,
O milky nectar, sleep.

And mother will bring gifts to thee,
For thee sweet beans will heap !

*To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.*

I'll give thee whatsoe'er thou wilt,
Sleep, then, beloved boy ;

My little treasure, quietly sleep,
O thou, thy mother's joy !
To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.

Oh, sleep, my throne, my heart, o'er whom
Thy mother doth rejoice.
Thy lisp is heavenly to mine ears,
And honey-sweet thy voice.
To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.

Roses I'll strew, that naught may lack,
And violets, on the hay,
Hyacinths and lilies on the floor
And in the manger lay.
To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.

And—wilt thou music—to thy bed
The shepherds I will bring ;
For none are better, sure, than they,
More sweetly none can sing.
To thee a thousand times we raise
A thousand songs of praise.

ANONYMOUS.

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

OUR God in Heaven from that holy place
To each of us an angel guide has given ;
But Mothers of dead children have more grace,—
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.

How can a Mother's heart feel cold or weary
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm ?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the
storm ?

How can she sin ? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied ;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside ?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love :—we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall !

She knows that when the mighty Angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone

Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

* * * *

Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers ;
Yet there is prayer in Heaven more tender still,—
The little Children pleading for their Mothers.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE NEW-COMERS.

WHAT spirit is this that cometh from afar,
Making the household tender with a cry
That blends the mystery of earth and sky—
The blind, mute motions of a new-lit star,
The unlangued visions of a folded rose?
A marvel is the rose from bud to bloom,
The star a wonder and a splendour grows;
But this sweet babe that neither sees or knows,
Hath wrapt in it a genius and a doom
More visionful of beauty than all flowers,
More glowing wondrous than all singing spheres,
And though oft baffled by repelling powers,
Growing and towering through the stormy hours,
To perfect glory in God's year of years.

WILLIAM FREELAND.



"THEN LAY HIM ON HIS LITTLE BED."—Page 107.

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TUCKING THE BABY IN.

THE dark-fringed eyelids slowly close
On eyes serene and deep ;
Upon my breast my own sweet child
Has gently dropped to sleep.
I kiss his soft and dimpled cheek,
I kiss his rounded chin,
Then lay him on his little bed,
And tuck my baby in.

How fair and innocent he lies !
Like some small angel strayed.
His face still warmed by God's own smile,
That slumbers unafraid ;
Or like some new-embodied soul,
Still pure from taint of sin,—
My thoughts are reverent as I stoop
To tuck my baby in.

What toil must stain these tiny hands,
That now lie still and white ?
What shadows creep across the face
That shines with morning light ?

Oh, what am I that I should train
An angel for the skies,
Or mix the potent draught that feeds
The soul within those eyes !
I reach him up to sinless hands
Before his cares begin ;
Great Father, with Thy folds of love,
Oh, tuck my baby in !

CURTIS MAY.

MATER TRIUMPHANS.

SON of my woman's body, you go to the drum and
fife,
To taste the color of love and the other side of life.
From out of the dainty the rude, the strong from
out of the frail,
Eternally through the ages from the female comes
the male.

The ten fingers and toes and the shell-like nail on
each,
The eyes blind as germs and the tongue attempt-
ing speech;
Impotent hands in my bosom, and yet they shall
wield the sword,
Drugged with slumber and milk, you wait the day
of the Lord.

Infant Bridegroom, uncrowned king, unannointed
priest,
Soldier, lover, explorer, I see you nuzzle the breast;
You that grope in my bosom shall load the ladies
with rings;
You that came forth through the doors shall burst
the doors of kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "Poems and Ballads."

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WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

.....
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SLEEP, SLEEP, MINE HOLY ONE.

"AND art thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being? Art thou come for sav-
ing?

The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low wind from the south,
A restless shadow through the chamber waving.
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun.
But thou, with that close slumber on thy mouth,
Doth seem of wind and sun already weary.
Art come for saving, O my weary one?

Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the
dreary

Earth-sounds and motions, opens on thy soul
High dreams on fire with God;
High songs that make the pathway where they
roll

More bright than stars do theirs; and visions new
Of thine eternal nature's old abode.

Suffer this mother's kiss,

Best thing that earthly is,

To glide the music and the glory through,
Nor narrow in thy dream the broad uplifting
Of any seraph wing.

Thus, noiseless, thus,—Sleep, sleep, my dreaming
One!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE BABY SORCERESS.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm trees,
A wreath of tangled ribbons in her hands.
She twines and twists the many-colored strands—
A little sorceress, weaving destinies.
Now the pure white she grasps; now naught can
 please
But strips of crimson, lurid as the brands
From passion's fires; or yellow, like the sands
That lend soft setting to the azure seas.
And so with sweet incessant toil she fills
A summer hour, still following fancies new
Till through my heart a sudden terror thrills
Lest as she weaves her aimless choice prove
 true.
Thank God, our fates proceed not from our wills;
The power that spins the thread shall blend the
 hue.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. .

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

I'VE a letter from thy sire,
 Baby mine, baby mine ;
I can read and never tire,
 Baby mine.

He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to thee,
He is coming home to me,
 Baby mine.

He's been parted from us long,
 Baby mine, baby mine ;
But if hearts be true and strong,
 Baby mine,

They shall brave misfortune's blast,
And be overpaid at last
For all pain and sorrow pass'd,
 Baby mine.

Oh, I long to see his face,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
In his old-accustomed place,
 Baby mine.

Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine.

Thou wilt see him and rejoice,
 Baby mine, baby mine ;
Thou wilt know him by his voice,
 Baby mine.

By his love-looks that endear,
By his laughter ringing clear,
By his eyes that know not fear,
 Baby mine.

I'm so glad I cannot sleep,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
I'm so happy I could weep,
 Baby mine.

He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming home to me,
He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine.

CHARLES MACKAY.

FROM AURORA LEIGH.

MY mother was a Florentine,
Those rare blue eyes were shut from seeing me
When scarcely I was four years old ; my life
A poor spark snatched up from a failing lamp
Which went out therefor. She was weak and
frail ;
She could not bear the joy of giving life—
The mother's rapture slew her. If her kiss
Had left a longer weight upon my lips,
It might have steadied the uneasy breath,
And reconciled and fraternized my soul
With the new order. As it was, indeed,
I felt a mother-want about the world,
And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb
Left out at night in shutting up the fold,—
As restless as a nest-deserted bird
Grown chill through something being away, though
what
It knows not.

* * * * *

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack

Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words ;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles ; children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years.
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;
Weary of sowing for others to reap ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd, and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown ;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours ;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;—
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listen'd your lullaby song ;
Sing, then, and into my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

PATIENCE WITH LOVE.

THEY are such little feet :

They have gone such a tiny way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands :

Be kind. Things are so new and Life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives :

Surely their newness shrives
Them well of many sins : They see so much
That, being immortal, they would touch ;
If they would reach
We must not chide but teach.

They are such fond, dear eyes

That widen to surprise

.....
At every turn ; they are so often held
To suns or showers—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face—
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts ;
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and by—
Giving them not love, but more—above
And harder—patience with the love.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

CRADLE SONGS.

I.

BABY, baby bright,
Sleep can steal from sight
Little of your light :

Soft as fire in dew
Still the life in you
Lights your slumber through.

From white eyelids keep
Fast the seal of sleep
Deep as love is deep :

Yet though closed it lies
Love behind them spies
Heaven in two blue eyes.

II.

Baby, baby dear,
Earth and heaven are near
Now, for heaven is here.

Heaven is every place
Where your flower-sweet face
Fills our eyes with grace.

Till your own eyes deign
Earth a glance again,
Earth and heaven are twain.

Now your sleep is done,
Shine and show the sun
Earth and heaven are one.

III.

Baby, baby sweet,
Love's own lips are meet
Scarce to kiss your feet.

Hardly love's now ear,
When your laugh crows clear,
Quite deserves to hear.

Hardly love's own wile,
Though it please awhile,
Quite deserves your smile.

Baby full of grace,
Bless us yet a space :
Sleep will come apace.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid may not please him
more :

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we
know.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BEST.

MOTHER, I see you, with your nursery light,
 Leading your babies, all in white,
 To their sweet rest ;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
 And that is best.

I cannot help tears when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
 On your warm breast,
But the Savior's is purer than yours or mine,
 He can love best !

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak ; your heart is wrung with alarms
 And sore opprest ;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
 And that is best.

You know, over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease whose fulfilling slow
 Naught can arrest.
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
 And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
 Unloved, unblest,
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
 And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
 And unconfessed ;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
 Oh, how much the best !

But grief is selfish ; I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
 More than the rest ;
But I know that, as well for them, as for me,
 God did the best !

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead ;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said
" She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low ;
Called him worthy to be loved ,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spake nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee,
Like summer tempest came her tears ;
" Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

IN A HAMMOCK.

GREEN boughs and a hammock,—a baby swinging,
Sunshine and shadow,—a little maid singing—
Oh, 't was a picture of lovely completeness !
And these were the words the little maid sung,
As backward and forward the hammock swung :

“ Oh, how sweet the Baby is,
Oh, how sweet the Baby is,
Sweet—sweet—sweet—
Kiss me, sweetness ! ”

How the baby laughed when her tender sister,
Keeping time with the singing, bent down and
kissed her.

Oh, 't was a picture of lovely completeness,
Twelve years and twelve months—a charming
duet !

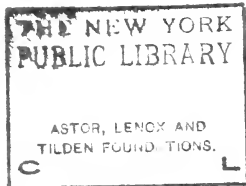
And that picture and song I shall never forget ;

“ Oh, how sweet the Baby is,
Oh, how sweet the Baby is,
Sweet—sweet—sweet—
Kiss me, sweetness. ”

EDITH M. THOMAS.



"BACKWARD AND FORWARD THE HAMMOCK SWUNG."—Page 128.



ANDALUSIAN CRADLE-SONG.

WHO is it opens her blue bright eye,
Bright as the sea, and blue as the sky?—

Chiquita!

Who has the smile that comes and goes
Like sunshine over her mouth's red rose?

Muchachita!

What is the softest laughter heard,
Gurgle of brook or trill of bird,

Chiquita?

Nay, 't is thy laughter makes the rill
Hush its voice and the bird be still,

Muchachita!

Ah, little flower-hand on my breast,
How it soothes me and gives me rest.

Chiquita!

What is the sweetest sight I know?

Three little white teeth in a row,

Three little white teeth in a row,

Muchachita!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

MATER DOLOROSA.

BECAUSE of one small low-laid head all crowned
 With golden hair,
Forevermore all fair young brows to me
 A halo wear ;
I kiss them reverently. Alas ! I know
 The pain I bear.

Because of dear, but close-shut holy eyes
Of heaven's own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with tears—
Whate'er their hue ;
And motherly I gaze their innocent
Clear depths into.

Because of little pallid lips which once
My name did call,
No childish voice in vain appeal, upon
My ears doth fall ;
I count it all my joy their joys to share
And sorrows small.

Because of little dimpled hands
Which folded lie,

All little hands henceforth to me do have
A pleading cry ;
I clasp them as they were small wandering birds
Lured home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's
Rough roads unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm
Such little feet,
And count the lowliest service done for them
So sacred—sweet !

MRS. M. E. PAULL.

THE MYSTERIES.

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child I crept,
Holding my breath ;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Wearied and weak and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life !

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring ;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time !
O love's blest prime !

Two wedded from the portal step ;
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride !
O tender pride !

Two faces o'er a cradle bent ;
Two hands above the head were locked ;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour !
O hidden power !

Two parents by the evening fire ;
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life !
O tender strife !

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees ;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast !
O vanished past !

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide ;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, " Once more ! "
O memories !
O past that is !

GEORGE ELIOT.

LITTLE BROWN BABY.

LITTLE brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?
Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;
Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up, yit,
Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Who's pappy's darling an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know yo—I b'lieves you's a tramp:
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
We do' want stragglers a-layin' roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.

Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo'.
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet !

Dah, now, I thought dat you'd hug me up close.
Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se ;
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res',
Wisht you could allus know ease an' clear skies ;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—
Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes !

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

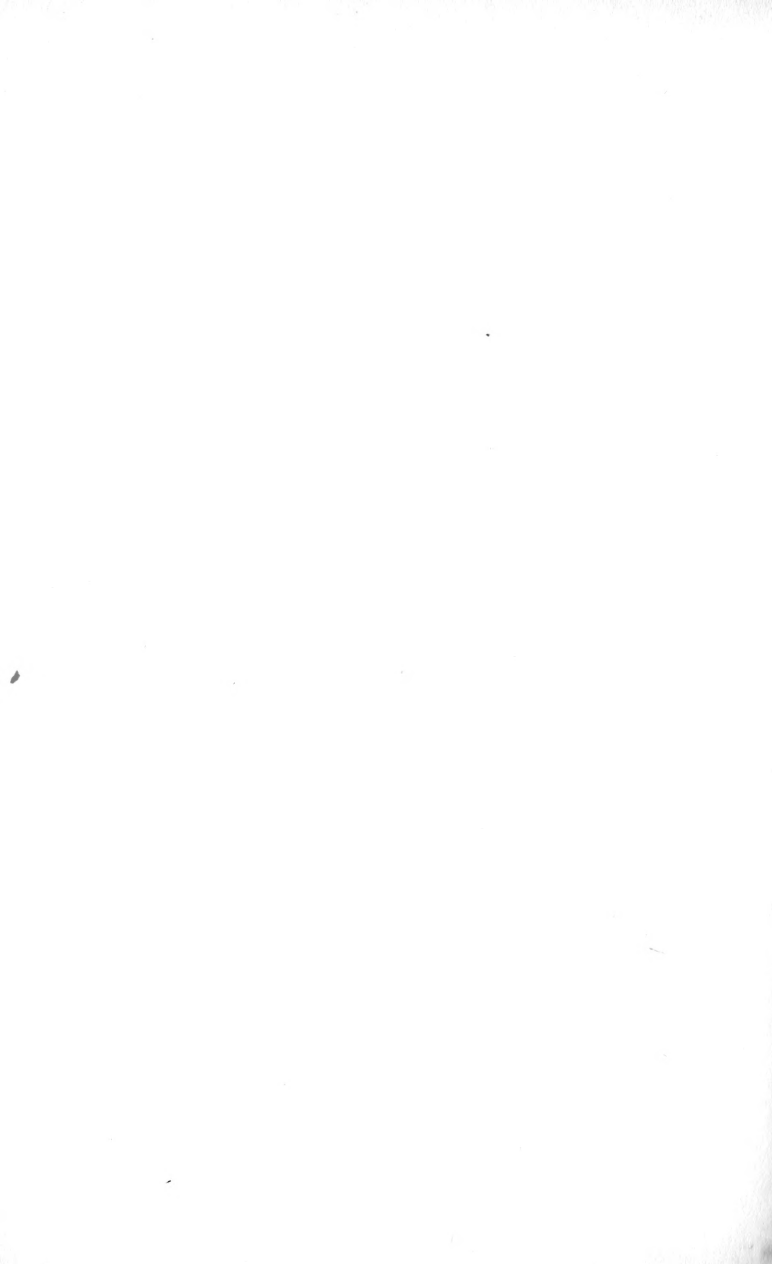
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CHILD-SONG.

HE that is to life beguiled
By the clinging of a child
Hath, I know, great store of grace,
And with Love a dwelling place ;
For all heaven hath dreamed and smiled
In the sweet face of a child.

FRANK L. STANTON.



CHILD-SONG.

NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say,
" In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet ;
 With his eye so bright,
 And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight ! "

And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun ;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three !
I heard her whispering soft : said she,
" My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
 The bird on the tree,
 And the old ewe she,

May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten ;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled
away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say ?
I heard her say, " The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you
please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come nestle now cozily under my wings !"
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so
warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

IN THE MEADOW.

THE meadow is a battle-field
Where summer's army comes,
Each soldier with a clover shield,
The honey-bees with drums.
Boom, rat-ta ! They march, and pass
The captain tree who stands
Saluting with a sword of grass
And giving them commands.

'T is only when the breezes blow
Across the woody hills,
They shoulder arms, and, to and fro,
March in their full-dress drills.
Boom, rat-ta ! they wheel in line
And wave their gleaming spears ;
" Charge ! " cries the captain, giving sign,
And every soldier cheers.

But when the days are growing dim
They gather in their camps,
And sing a good thanksgiving hymn
Around the fire-fly lamps.

Rat-tat-ta ! the bugle notes
Call "good-night " to the sky :
I hope they all have overcoats
To keep them warm and dry.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

MR. DREAM-MAKER.

COME, Mr. Dream-Maker, sell me to-night
The loveliest dream in your shop ;
My dear little lassie is weary of light,
Her lids are beginning to drop.
She's good when she's gay, but she's tired of play,
And the tear-drops will naughtily creep ;
So, Mr. Dream-Maker, hasten, I pray,
My little girl's going to sleep.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

THE LITTLE ONES HE BLESSED.

I WONDER if ever the children
 Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
 The dear little lambs of His fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
 They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
 So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,
 Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
 Of sweet childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen
 If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
 Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
 That ever those children went wrong
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
 Shut out from the feast and the song.

To the days of gray hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's Word to-day ;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey ;
And 't will grieve the dear Saviour in Heaven
If one little child shall go wrong,
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE RAGGEDY MAN.

O THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the gooddest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Aint he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.—
Aint he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!



"THE RAGGIDA MAN—HE'S IST SO GOOD."—Page 140.

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An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes :
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers their-
selves !

An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann !

Aint he a funny old Raggedy Man ?

Raggedy ! Raggedy ! Raggedy Man !

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow'-n'-orry fer me,
Says, " When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows !"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man !—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man !"

Raggedy ! Raggedy ! Raggedy Man !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
" *Rhymes of Childhood.* "

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

JACK in the Pulpit
 Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
 Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
 High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
 Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
 Rises to say
In his low painted pulpit
 This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
 Over him seen,
Pencilled by Nature's hand,
 Black, brown and green.
Green is his surplice,
 Green are his bands ;
In his queer little pulpit
 The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
 So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
 The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
 Unseen on wind-lyres,—
Low singing bird voices—
 These are his choirs.
The violets are deacons ;
 I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
 Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
 As sentinels stand
On the lookout with all their
 Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones
 Drooping and sad ;
Great yellow violets,
 Smiling out glad ;
Buttercups' faces
 Beaming and bright ;
Clovers, with bonnets—
 Some red and some white ;
Daisies, their white fingers
 Half-clasped in prayer ;
Dandelions, proud of
 The gold of their hair ;
Innocents, children

Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale ;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed :—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath-day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Look ! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie !
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh ?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
But the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of our church !

So much for the preacher :
The sermon comes next,—
Shall we tell how he preached it,
And where was his text ?
Alas ! like too many

Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day,—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss ;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us,
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes ;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes.
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word !

ANONYMOUS.

THE SNOW-HOUSE.

ALL yesterday it snowed and snowed,
And all last night, until the road
Was whiter than the downy spread
Upon my cozy trundle-bed.
And once, before the daylight broke,
When from the land of dreams I woke,
I heard the poor wind whine and moan
Like Carlo when he's left alone.
Then high above the fleecy plain
The red sun sprang, and shook his mane,
And every window seemed like cake
The busy city bakers make.
So I got all my warm wraps out,
And buttoned tight my roundabout,
And found my shovel in the shed,
And shouted loud and long to Ned,
Until he came with answering cries,
All bundled to the very eyes ;
Then down the orchard path we ran,
And Ned was rear and I was van.

With doleful wail the wind still blew,
And, oh, what drifts we floundered through !

.....
The apples clinging to the bough
Were like big bursting puff-balls now ;
The brook was smothered ; not a note
Came gurgling from its merry throat,
And only cheery chickadee
Sang welcome from the cherry-tree.
Beside the fence was piled the snow
As high as pony's back, I know ;
And there we cleared a space before
A humpy drift, and made a door,
And hallway wide to light the gloom ;
And then a great round sitting-room,
Whose roof was set with shining things
That looked as bright as Mamma's rings.
We had to creep along the hall,
But didn't have to here at all ;
And snug within our house of snow
We played that we were Esquimaux.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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THE SERENADER.

I SAW a gallant cavalier,
In raiment rich and rare,
With gems a-hanging from his cloak
And twinkling in his hair.
They glittered as he swept along,
A million sparks of flame,
And then methought I heard his voice
A-singing as he came.
He lightly thrummed a mandolin,
Its tones right cheerily rang,
Like raindrops pattering on the eaves,
And this is what he sang :
" Heigho ! Demoiselle Daisy,
Loosen your wimple white.
Heigho ! Violet darling,
Open your blue eyes bright.
Heigho ! grasses and leaflets,
Hear you my tender call ?
Heigho ! Come, pretty Mayflower,
You are the shyest of all.
Heyday, come Pussy-willow,
Wrapped in your hood of fur,

Heyday, come, Daffodilly,
Prithee arouse and stir.
Heyday, gone are the snow-drifts,
Gone is the biting blast.
Heyday, wake, pretty maidens,
Summer is coming at last."

* * * * *

A hundred pretty heads peeped out
To hear the gentle sound ;
A hundred pretty heads peeped out
Above the frozen ground.
He flung his jewels o'er them all,
A crown of heatless flames,
A fascinating cavalier,
To wake a hundred dames.
" Who are you, sir ? " I anxious cried,
" I fain would learn your power."
The Serenader laughed, and said,
" My name is April Shower."

AMELIA BURR.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

LIPS, lips, open.

Up comes a little bird that lives inside,

Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings ;

Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread
his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee ?

Far away around the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam ?

All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the
air,

When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks, and in he
flies,

Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day ;

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird must go
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round ~~and~~ round he goes,—sleep, sleep sound.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE TURKEY'S OPINION.

"WHAT dost thou think of drumsticks?"

I asked a barn-yard bird.

He grinned a turkey grin, and then

He answered me this word:

"They're good to eat, they're good to beat,

But sure as I am living,

They're best to run away with

The week before Thanksgiving."

ANNA M. PRATT.

WILLIE I-WONT-PLAY.

WILFUL Willie I-Wont-Play
Always wants to have his way ;
With him it is *I* or *me*
Whatsoe'er the sport may be,
Prisoner's-Goal or Pull-Away,—
Wilful Willie I-Wont-Play.

If another faster run,
Though the game be just begun,
Then he'll pout and sulk and scowl,
Gloomy as a day-caught owl,
Spoil the whole glad holiday,—
Wilful Willie I-Wont-Play.

Where's the boy would be like him,
Stout of arm and strong of limb,
Hearty as a sailor, yet
Ever in a selfish pet ?
Shame upon his head, I say,—
Wilful Willie I-Wont-Play.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high !
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why ?
And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place :
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night ; and said,
“ Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser ? ”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LITTLE DANDELION.

GAY little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above ;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agoe,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering ;
Violets delay ;
Truer little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.

Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high ;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud !
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay !
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to
stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
board an' keep ;
An' all us other children, when the supper things
is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the most-
est fun
A list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells
about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
prayers,—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,

His Mammy heered him holler, an' his Daddy
heered him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all !
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' ever'
wheres, I guess ;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout :—
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an'
kin ;
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole
folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care !
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
and hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about !

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
 blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-*
 oo !
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
 gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
 away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers
 fond an' dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
 orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
 about,
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Rhymes of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

THE BAD BOY.

ONCE a little round-eyed lad
Determined to be very bad.

He called his porridge nasty pap,
And threw it all in nurse's lap.

His gentle sister's cheek he hurt,
He smudged his pinny in the dirt.

He found the bellows, and he blew
The pet canary right in two!

And when he went to bed at night
He would not say his prayers aright.

This pained a lovely twinkling star
That watched the trouble from afar.

She told her bright-faced friends, and soon
The dreadful rumor reached the moon.

The moon, a gossiping old dame,
Told Father Sun the bad boy's shame.

And then the giant sun began
A very satisfactory plan.

Upon the naughty rebel's face
He would not pour his beamy grace.

He would not stroke the dark-brown strands
With entertaining shiny hands.

The little garden of the boy
Seemed desert, missing heaven's joy.

But all his sister's tulips grew
Magnificent with shine and dew.

Where'er he went he found a shade,
But light was poured upon the maid.

He also lost, by his disgrace,
That indoors sun, his mother's face.

His father sent him up to bed
With neither kiss nor pat for head.

And in his sleep he had such foes,
Bad fairies pinched his curling toes—

They bit his ears, they pulled his hairs,
They threw him three times down the stairs.

O little boys who would not miss
A father's and a mother's kiss.

Who would not cause a sister pain,
Who want the sun to shine again,

Who want sweet beams to tend the plot
Where grows the pet forget-me-not,

Who hate a life of streaming eyes,
Be good, be merry, and be wise.

NORMAN GALE.

From "Songs for Little People."

A PROMISE.

WE won't forget the birthday
Of a noble little boy
Till hatchets climb the cherry-trees
And clap their hands for joy.
And we truly will remember
That he didn't tell a lie,
Till cherry-stones
With moans and groans
Devour a hatchet pie.

ANNA M. PRATT.

A PRETTY GAME.

THE sun and rain in fickle weather
Were playing hide-and-seek together,
And each in turn would try to chase
The other from his hiding-place.
At last they met to say good-by,
And lo ! a rainbow spanned the sky.

ANNA M. PRATT.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day :—

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HAPPINESS.

THE happiest thing
The freest thing
That man may hope to see
Is a sun-bonnet mite
Of a country child
In the top
Of an apple tree.

MARY DAWSON.

THE POPPY-LAND LIMITED EXPRESS.

THE first train leaves at six P. M.

For the land where the poppy blows,
And Mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace-car is the Mother's arms ;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain ;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the poppy-land afar ;
The summons clear falls on the ear :
" All aboard for the sleeping-car."

But what is the fare to poppy-land ?
I hope it's not too dear.
The fare is this,—a hug and a kiss ;
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who the children took
On His knee in kindness great :
" Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

“ Keep watch of the passengers,” thus I pray,
“ For to me they are very dear ;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O’er the gentle engineer.”

EDGAR WADE ABBOTT.

FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

FIVE little white heads peeped out of the mold,
When the dew was damp and the night was cold ;
And they crowded their way through the soil with
pride ;
“ Hurrah ! We are going to be mushrooms ! ”
they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,
And the little white heads were withered and
brown ;
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—
They were nothing but toad-stools, after all.

WALTER LEARNED.

A LITTLE QUAKER.

(A true incident.)

“ WITH hands clasped softly in your lap,
And hair tucked back beneath your cap,
And snowy kerchief trimly crossed,
And lifted eyes in reverie lost—
Friend Phoebe, wont you tell me why
You look so far away and sigh?
Why don't you leave your little chair,
And take the sunshine and fresh air? ”

“ Friend Edith, I will tell thee why
I sit so still, and sometimes sigh.
Dear grandma says we can't be right
Unless we have the 'inner light.'
(I didn't have the 'inner light,'
Although I tried with all my might!)
Well, first-day morning grandma goes
To meeting, always, as thee knows,
And either takes John, Ruth, or me;
I go one morning out of three.

“ ‘T was silent meeting yesterday.
High up sat old Friend Hathaway;
His thumbs upon his cane were placed,
And he looked stern and solemn-faced.
Friend Hodges and Friend Underwood—
They wouldn't smile—not if they could!
(Thee knows I think they're very *good*!)
Up in the gallery they sat,
Each one looked down beneath his hat,
And thought, and *thought*, and THOUGHT, and
THOUGHT,
But wouldn't speak out as they ought!

“ It was so still inside the house
That I could hear the little mouse
A-gnawing, gnawing in the wall.
Outside it wasn't still at all.
The birds were singing in the trees,
And I could hear the boring bees
(The clumsy kind of bee that leaves
Those little holes along the eaves).
It was so very still inside,
To keep awake, how hard I tried!
I ate a peppermint or two—
But that was very wrong, I knew,
All of a sudden, then the birds
And bees began to sing these words:

“ ‘ Friend Phoebe, come outside and play,
And never mind Friend Hathaway.’

It seemed to me I must obey—
I walked straight out the open door.
No child, thee knows, did so before.

“ To punish me (I’m sure it’s right—
I didn’t have the ‘ inner light.’)
I’m not allowed to go and play
Till I make up for yesterday.
Oh, dear, I mustn’t speak to thee—
It’s ‘ silent meeting’—don’t thee see ? ”

EDITH M. THOMAS.



"WOULDN'T IT BE NICER FOR YOU TO SMILE THAN FROWN?"
—Page 179.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

C

L

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head ;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red ?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad " 't was Dolly's ;
And not your head that broke ! "

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down ;
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown ?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house,
Where there is none without ?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret ?

And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once ?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair ;
Will it tire you less while walking,
To say " it isn't fair ? "
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet ?

Suppose the world don't please you,
And the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you ?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can ?

PHOEBE CARY.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES.

"COME, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE POP-CORN MAN.

THERE'S a queer little man lives down the street
Where two of the broadest highways meet,
In a queer little house that's half of it glass,
With windows open to all who pass,
And a low little roof that's nearly flat,
And a chimney as black as Papa's best hat.
Oh, the house is built on this funny plan
Because it's the home of the pop-corn man !

How does he sleep, if he sleeps at all ?
He must roll up like a rubber ball,
Or like a squirrel, and store himself
All huddly-cuddly under the shelf.
If he wanted to stretch he'd scarce have space
In his bare little, spare little, square little place.
He seems like a rat cooped up in a can,
This brisk little, frisk little pop-corn man !

I know he's wise by the way he looks,
For he's just like the men I've seen in books,
With his hair worn off, and his squinty eyes,
And his wrinkles, too,—oh, I know he's wise !
And then just think of the way he makes
The corn all jump into snowy flakes,
With a " pop ! pop ! pop !" in his covered pan,
This queer little, dear little pop-corn man !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Copyright, 1896, by COPELAND & DAY.

FAST LITTLE MISS CROCUS.

TIME folks was gettin' up—
They're so slow!
I've been awake here
Hours ago!

Reckon I'll peep out ;—
Who's afraid?
That dark ain't nothin',
Only shade.

Been here long enough
In my bed ;
Guess I'll push blanket
Off my head.

My stars ! what a world !
Ain't it white !
I b'lieve the clouds fell
Down in the night.

I smell somethin' ;
My, that's good !
Must be Arbutus
Up in the wood.

If there ain't Snowdrop!
Seems to me
She'd better stay where
She oughter be.

Wonder what brought her
Out so soon.
S'pose she thought 't was
Afternoon.

She'll get her nose nipped;
Serve her right!
Small children like her
Must keep out o' sight.

Winds needn't blow so!
Makes such a din.
Good gracious,—guess I'd
Better go in!

Where's my blanket gone?
Cold hurts so!
Poor little Crocus is
Freezin' up—oh!

B'lieve I'm an orphan, now,
Goin' to—die!
And be—an angel—
Up in the sky!

L. CLARKSON.

OUT IN THE MEADOWS.

OUT in the meadows so fresh and so dewy,

Out in the meadows at breaking of day,
Op'ning their eyes at the first beam of sunlight,

"We wish you good-morrow," the daisies say.
Golden and white in the morning light,
"We wish you good-morrow," the daisies say.

Out in the fields in the glory of noontide,

Out where the bees and the butterflies play,
Through their white lids looking up into Heaven,
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies say.
Golden and white in the noontide light,

"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies say.

Out in the field when the bright sunlight fadeth,

Gilding the hilltop with lingering ray,
Closing their eyes as the day's glory dieth,
"We wish you good-evening," the daisies say.
Golden and white in the evening light,

"We wish you good-evening," the daisies say.

Out in the fields in the quiet, sweet starlight,

Hushed all confusion and noise of the day,

All fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,

“ We wake on the morrow,” the daisies say.

Golden and white in the still starlight,

“ We wake on the morrow,” the daisies say.

ANONYMOUS.

From “ Songs and Games for Little Ones.”

Price \$2.00. By arrangement with

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

FIVE little pigs all rosy pink
Are shut in a pen as black as ink ;
All day long in a close, dark pen
They wriggle and twist about, and then—

This little pig went to market
To buy him some crackers and cheese,
But instead of a lunch
He bought a big bunch
Of fresh mignonette and sweet peas.

This little pig stayed at home,
And said with a heart-rending wail,
“ The air is so damp,
It will give me the cramp,
And take all the curl from my tail.”

This little pig had a piece of bread and butter.
“ I'm tidy,” quoth she, “ tho' I'm fat.”
Then it dropped on her gown
The buttered side down,
And oh, how she hiccoughed at that !

This little pig had none,
Not a crumb nor a morsel of bread ;
So he swung on the gate
Until it was late,
And then he went hungry to bed.

*This little pig said, " Wee, wee, wee,
I can't find my way home ! "*
But no wonder the rogue went astray,
For he ran down the street,
When he heard the drums beat,
And he followed the circus all day.

Five little pigs as pink as a rose !
They're only the baby's tiny toes ;
And before they are tucked in the
 blanket tight
I'll seize them and squeeze them,
 and kiss them good-night.

ANNA M. PRATT.

LITTLE BIRD BLUE.

LITTLE Bird Blue, come sing us your song,
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snow-banks as high as our heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come,
The robins will call and the honey-bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow-trees over the way;
So hurry, please do,
Little Bird Blue!

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring-beauties and liverwort grow;
We're sure they will peep when they hear your
first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
All waiting for you,
Little Bird Blue?

From "The Youth's Companion."

LONG AFORE HE KNEWED WHO SANTY-
CLAUS WUZ.

JES' a little bit o' feller—I remember still,—
Ust to almost *cry* fer Christmas, like a youngster
will.
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it! —New-Year's ain't
a smell;
Easter-Sunday—Circus-day—jes' all dead in the
shell!
Lordy, though, at night, you know, to set around
and hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge
and deer,
And “Santy” skootin' round the roof all wrapped
in fur and fuzz—
Long afore

I knowed who

“Santy-Claus” wuz!

Ust to wait, and set up late, a week or two ahead:
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to
bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire, and Mother settin' here

Darnin' socks, and rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-
cheer ;
Pap gap, and wunder where it wuz the money
went,
And quar'l with his frosted heels, and spill his lini-
ment :
And me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud
whur and buzz,
Long afore

I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz !

Size the fire-place up, and figger how "Old Santy"
could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said
he would ;
Wisht that I could hide and see him—wundered
what he'd say
Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway !
But I *bet* on him, and *liked* him, same as ef he had
Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look
here, my lad,
Here's my pack,—jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good
boys does !"
Long afore

I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz !

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared
to be—

Truth made out o' lies like that un's good enough
fer me !—

Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child
Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell
'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she
loves so well.

I'm half sorry fer this little girl sweetheart of
his—

Long afore

She knows who

"Santy-Claus" is!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

From "Pipes O'Pan."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

THE SLEEPING FLOWERS.

"WHOSE are the little beds," I asked,

"Which in the valleys lie?"

Some shook their heads, and others smiled,

And no one made reply.

"Perhaps they did not hear," I said;

"I will inquire again.

Whose are the beds, the tiny beds,

So thick upon the plain?"

"'T is daisy in the shortest;

A little farther on,

Nearest the door to wake the first,

Little leontodon.

"'T is iris, sir, and aster,

Anemone and bell,

Batschia in the blanket red,

And chubby daffodil."

Meanwhile at many cradles

Her busy foot she plied,

Humming the quaintest lullaby
That ever rocked a child.

“Hush! Epigea wakens!
The crocus stirs her lids,
Rhodora’s cheek is crimson,—
She’s dreaming of the woods.”

Then, turning from them, reverent,
“Their bed-time ’t is,” she said;
“The bumble-bees will wake them
When April woods are red.”

EMILY DICKINSON.

GOD, MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

GOD, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow,—
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all ;
Content to bloom in native bower,—
Although the place be small.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest ;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

MRS. B. M. EDWARDS.

THE NEAREST FRIEND.

DEAR Jesus ! ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near ;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

Yes ! when I pray, Thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. FABER.

CHILDREN, SING!

CHILDREN, sing to Him whose love
Broods your happy lives above ;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky—

For the flowers and for the wheat,
For the cold and for the heat,
For the fruit and for the grain,
For the sunshine and the rain.

Children, sing to Him whose care
Makes the land so rich and fair ;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky—

For the mother's look of grace,
For the baby's little face,
For the morning's smile of bliss,
For the happy good-night kiss.

Children, sing to him whose hand
Rules and guards our native land ;
Lift your joyous voices high
To our Father in the sky—

For the cheery bells that swing,
And for freedom peal and ring,
And for nation's peace and wealth,
For our gladness and our health.

Children, sing to One whose love
Broods your merry days above ;
Lift your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MR. NOBODY.

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'T is he who always tears our books,—
Who leaves the door ajar ;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody ?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil ;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.

The papers always are mislaid ;
Who had them last, but he ?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill ; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not *our* boots. They all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

From " The Riverside Magazine."



"THE DAY I FLUTTERED FROM THE NEST."—Page 201.

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BIRD THOUGHTS.

I LIVED first in a little house,
And lived there very well ;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other ;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
I said : " The world is made of leaves ,
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors.
—I don't know how the world *is* made,
And neither do my neighbors !

ANONYMOUS.

THE DEAD DOLL.

“ YOU needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you
my dolly is dead !
There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack
like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to
have my tooth out, that day ;
And then when the man 'most pulled my head off,
you hadn't a word to say.

“ And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when
you say you can mend it with glue ;
As if I didn't know better than that ! Why, just
suppose it was you !
You might make her *look* all mended—but what
do I care for looks ?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and
the backs of books !

“ My dolly ! my own little daughter ! Oh, but it's
the *awfullest* crack !
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when
her poor head went whack

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the
little shelf.

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me ? I
know that I did it myself !

“ I think you must be crazy—you’ll get her an-
other head.

What good would forty heads do her ? I tell you
my dolly is *dead*.

And to think I hadn’t quite finished her elegant
new spring hat !

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie
on that horrid cat !

“ When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—

She said to me, most expressly, ‘ Here’s a ribbon
for Hildegarde.’

And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde
saw me do it ;

But I said to myself, ‘ Oh, never mind, I don’t be-
lieve she knew it ! ’

“ But I know that she knew it now, and I just be-
lieve I do,

That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke too.

Oh, my baby ! my little baby ! I wish *my* head had
been hit !

For I’ve hit it over and over, and it hasn’t cracked
a bit.

.....
" But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be
buried, of course :
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you
shall be the horse ;
And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in
this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out
under the maple-tree.

" And papa will make me a tombstone, like the
one he made for my bird ;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every
single word !
I shall say : ' Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful
doll, who is dead ;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack
in her head.' "

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

Originally published in "*The Youth's Companion*."

COBWEBS ON THE GRASS.

WHEN twilight was just beginning
Last night, the fairies sat spinning
With a firefly for 'a light :
Then they wove the threads together,
Their pattern a dove's white feather ;
And here, at the end of night,
Lie their webs so dainty and white.

CURTIS MAY.

LITTLE THINGS.

A LITTLE burn will hurt ;
A little sting will smart ;
And little unkind words
Will grieve a little heart.

From " The Youth's Companion. "

PUSSY WILLOW.

Pussy Willow wakened
From her Winter nap,
For the frolic Spring Breeze
On her door *would* tap.

"It is chilly weather
Though the sun feels good ;
I will wrap up warmly ;
Wear my sunny hood."

Mistress Pussy Willow
Opened wide her door ;
Never had the sunshine
Seemed so bright before.

Never had the brooklet
Seemed so full of cheer ;
" Good morning, Pussy Willow,
Welcome to you, dear ! "

Never guest was quainter :—
Pussy came to town

In a hood of silver gray
And a coat of brown.

Happy little children
Cried with laugh and shout,
"Spring is coming, coming,
Pussy Willow's out."

KATE L. BROWN.

DO ALL THAT YOU CAN.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,

"To make this dark world bright ;
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night ;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can."

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,

"Of these few drops that I hold ?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold ;
But I, too, am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,

But thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy, golden head—
"Mother said : ' Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan.' "

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its rain-cup full,

How, why, or for what all strange things are—
She was only a child at school,
But she thought, "'T is a part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along
When the way was rough to his feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet ;
And her father—a weary, toil-worn man—
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A "ROUND TRIP."

AT Tiredville the trip begins,
We soon reach Drowsy Center ;
The gates of Sleepyland we push
Apart and slowly enter.

Within are dreams of every kind,
And naps of every nation ;
We must take care, or nightmares mad
Will chase us from the station.

But when we've once reached Slumbertown
We've no more need to worry :
The journey back to Wide-Awake
We take in quite a hurry.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“ O lovely Pussy ! O Pussy, my love !
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are ! ”

Pussy said to the Owl, “ You elegant fowl !
How wonderful sweet you sing !
O let us be married,—too long we have tarried
But what shall we do for a ring ? ”
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

“ Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring? ” Said the piggy, “ I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran
away to sea.

"I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as
I can be !

A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like
me !"

The seething ocean billow failed to stimulate his
mirth,

For he did not like the vessel, nor the dizzy rolling
berth,

And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant
as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each won-
drous sight,

But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just
exactly right.

And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for
delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in
courts, they say,

But always found the people dull, and longed to
get away
To search for that mysterious land where he
should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew
white as snow,
He reached the final bourne at last, where all of us
must go,
But never found the land he sought. The reason
would you know ?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his
steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but dis-
content ;
For he took his disposition with him everywhere
he went.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From "Beautiful Land of Nod."

Published by W. B. CONKEY COMPANY.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS ?

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap,
“ I thank you, Mr. Pump,” he said,
“ For this nice drink you’ve given me.”
(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the pump : “ My little man,
You’re welcome to what I have done ;
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run.”
“ Oh ! then,” the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
“ Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.”

“ Ah ! ” said Cold Water, “ don’t thank me !
For up the hillside lives a spring
That sends me forth with generous hand,
To gladden every living thing.”
“ I’ll thank the Spring, then,” said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.

"O ! don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh ! don't thank me, for what am I
Without the dews and summer rain ?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."

"Oh ! well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."

"Pray, don't thank us ! Without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me !"

"Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me.

'T was from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."

"O Ocean, thanks," then said the boy.
It echoed back : "No thanks to me !

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go give thy thanks, my little boy,—
To Him who will thy wants supply."

The boy took off his cap, and said
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank thee for thy gift.
Thou art the Giver of all good."

ANONYMOUS.

BABY-LAND.

WHICH is the way to Baby-land?
Any one can tell ;
Up one flight,
To your right ;
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle-beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land ?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow,
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land ,
Why, the oddest things ,
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land ?
Mother kind and sweet ;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

GEORGE COOPER.

WINTER JEWELS.

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees,
And all the little children said,
“ A jewel, if you please ! ”
But while they held their hands
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

ANONYMOUS.

From “ Songs and Games for Little Ones.”

Price \$2.00. By arrangement with
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

THE SQUIRTGUN UNCLE MAKED ME.

UNCLE Sidney, when he was here,

Maked me a squirtgun out o' some
Elder-bushes 'at growed out near
Where the brickyard was—'way out clear
To where the toll-gate come !

So when we walked back home again,

He maked it, out in our woodhouse, where
Was the old workbench, an' the old jack-plane,
An' the old 'pokeshaves, an' the tools all lay'n
Ist like he wants 'em there.

He sawed it first with the old hand-saw ;

An' nen he peeled off the bark, an' got
Some glass an' scraped it ; an' told 'bout Pa,
When *he* was a boy an' fooled his Ma,
An' the whippin' 'at he caught.

Nen Uncle Sidney, he took an' filed

A' old arn ramrod ; an' one o' the ends
He screwed fast into the vice ; an' smiled,
Thinkin', he said, o' when he was a child,
'Fore him an' Pa was mens.

He punched out the peth, an' nen he put
A plug in the end with a hole notched through;
Nen took the old drawey-knife an' cut
An' maked a handle 'at shoved clean shut
But ist where yer hand held to.

An' he wropt th' uther end with some string an'
white
Piece o' the sleeve of a' old tored shirt;
An' nen he showed me to hold it tight,
An' suck in the water an' work it right—
An' it 'ud ist squirt an' squirt!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Songs of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

HAMMOCK LULLABY.

COME, baby, and swing in the hammock with me,
 Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear ;
I'll sing you about some wee birds in the tree,
 Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.
Who live in a hammock all day and all night,
And see the gold stars and the moon shining
 bright ;
The wind swings their cradle so snug and so
 tight,
 As they rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.

Their oriole-mother, with flame-colored breast,
 Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear,
Doth cuddle them close as she croons them to rest,
 Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.
They all tuck their heads beneath their soft
 wings,
And peep to each other while mother-bird sings
Of flowers and cherries and nice little things,
 As they rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.

They'll soon be a nodding, as you're doing now,
 Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear ;

My own little comfort, with sweet baby-brow,
 Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.
No longer the wind need his restless watch keep ;
The dear little heads next the mother-heart sleep,
And the lazy old hammock may drowsily creep,
 As we rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.



"I GATHER, BIT BY BIT, THE SCATTERED DRIFT-WOOD."
—Page 225.

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L

THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds,
Scud, black and swift, across the sky ;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,

He scans me with a fearless eye ;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright !
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky ;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

CELIA THAXTER.

THE ORIOLES.

FOUR little mouths agape for ever ;
Four little throats which are never full ;
Four little nestlings, who disserve
One big worm, by a mighty pull.

Upon a limb—the lazy fellow !—
Perches the father, bold and gay,
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side, the watchful mother,
Quietly sober in dress and song,
Chooses her place, and asks no other,
Flying and gleaning all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
Four little throats in time are filled ;
Four little nestlings quite appall her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father,—
His is the care of the singing-school ;
He must teach them to fly, and gather
Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Singing away on the shaken branches,
Under the light of the happy sun ;
Dropping through blossoms like avalanches,—
Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mother embolden,
Four little throats are round and strong ;
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
Graduate in the world of song.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

"GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water 'round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully drest.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You, friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that
 flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:

"You are more than the Earth, though you are
 such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

"LILLIPUT LECTURES."

A RACE.

A MAD little tear
And a sad little tear
Once started a queer little race.
"I am ahead!"
The angry tear said,
As it hurried down Peggy's small face.

But the sad little tear
Met a glad little tear,
And together they hurried apace.
"I'm sorry, mamma,
Truly I are!"
And the sorry-glad tear won the race.

MARIE GLODEN.

THE FAIRY FOLK.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rock shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow ;
They thought that she was fast asleep
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As to dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

SOMETHING NEW.

THERE'S something new at our home—I'm
s'prised you didn't know it;
It makes papa feel awful proud, although he hates
to show it.
The thing is not so very big, but money couldn't
buy it;
If any fellow thinks it could, I'd like to see him try
it.

It's half-a-dozen things at once—a dove, a love, a
flower;
Mamma calls it a hundred names, and new ones
every hour;
It is a little music-box, with tunes for every
minute;
You haven't got one at your house, and so you are
not in it.

It puckers up its wee, wee mouth, as if it meant to
whistle;
A gold mine weighed against it then were lighter
than a thistle;

.....
Papa said so the other night—I thought it sounded
splendid,
And said it to myself until I fell asleep, and ended.

Of course you've guessed it by this time—our gift
that came from heaven ;
Mamma declares the darling thing was by the
angels given.
But then some folks are very slow, and some are
stupid ; maybe
I ought to say, right straight and plain, come home
and see our baby.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IN THE ORCHARD.

O ROBIN in the cherry tree,
I hear you caroling your glee :
The platform where you lightly tread
Is lighted up with cherries red,
And there you sing among the boughs
Like Patti at the opera-house.
Who is the hero in your play
To whom you sing in such a way ?
And why are you so gayly dressed
With scarlet ribbons on your breast ?
And is your lover good and true ?
And does he always sing to you ?
Your orchestras are winds that blow
Their blossom-notes to me below :
And all the trembling leaves are throngs
Of people clapping for your songs.
I wonder if you like it when
I clap for you to sing again !

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE BALLAD OF BABY BUNTING.

THE Knight is away in the merry greenwood,
Where he hunts the wild rabbit and roe :
He is fleet in the chase as the late Robin Hood—
He is fleeter in quest of the foe.

The nurse is at home in the castle, and sings
To the babe that she rocks at her breast :
She is crooning of love and of manifold things,
And is bidding the little one rest.

“ Oh slumber, my darling ! Oh slumber apace !
For thy father will shortly be here ;
And the skin of some rabbit that falls in the chase
Shall be thine for a tippet, my dear.”

HENRY S. LEIGH.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
 "Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
 "Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby, too, shall fly away."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow ! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark ! how the music leaps out from his throat !
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

“ Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know ;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer !
Summer is coming ! and spring-time is here !

“ Little white snow-drop ! I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus ! come open your eyes ;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ?—
Summer is coming ! and spring-time is here ! ”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

FROM Ariadne's crown
Something came flashing down,
Over the distant town,
Over the river and sleeping farms ;
The planets above seemed to wink ;
As they watched the traveller sink ;
And motherly Earth, I think,
May have folded a little lost star in her arms.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

IT was a little snow-flake
With tiny winglets furled ;
Its warm cloud-mother held it fast
Above the sleeping world.
All night the wild winds blustered
And blew o'er land and sea,
But the little snow-flake cuddled close,
As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold, gray morning,
And the great cloud-mother said,
" Now every little snow-flake
Must proudly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing,
Till it finds a place to alight,
For I must weave a coverlet
To clothe the world in white."

The little snow-flake fluttered
And gave a wee, wee sigh,
But fifty million other flakes
Came softly floating by.

And the wise cloud-mothers sent them
To keep the world's breast warm,
Through many a winter sunset,
And many a night of storm.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies,
Oh ! the pretty flowers !
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
By their mother's door ;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather ?
What are stormy showers ?
Buttercups and Daisies,

Are these human flowers ?
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them, likewise, hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear !

Welcome, yellow Buttercups !
Welcome, Daisies white !
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight !
Coming ere the spring-time
Of sunny hours to tell ;—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

MARY HOWITT.



"THEY PICK UP THE BEAUTIFUL SEA-SHELLS,"—Page 245.

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L

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow ;
They gather the elder-bloom white ;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand ;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings ;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest ;
The humble and poor become great ;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

M. H. KROUT.

POLLY.

BROWN eyes, straight nose ;
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.

Torn books, spoilt toys ;
Arch looks, unlike a boy's ;

Little rages, obvious arts ;
(Three her age is), cakes, tarts ;

Falling down off chairs ;
Breaking crown down stairs ;

Catching flies on the pane ;
Deep sighs—cause not plain ;

Bribing you with kisses
For a few farthing blisses.

Wide-awake ; as you hear
“ Mercy's sake, quiet, dear ! ”

New shoes, new frock ;
Vague views of what's o'clock,

When it's time to go to bed,
And scorn sublime for what's said.

Thinks it odd ; smiles away ;
Yet may God hear her pray !

Bed-gown white ; kiss Dolly ;
Good-night ! that's Polly.

Fast asleep, as you see ;
Heaven keep my girl for me !

“LILLIPUT LEVEE.”

THE BUTTERFLY'S TOILET.

OH, butterfly, how do you, pray,
Your wings so prettily array ?
Where do you find the paints from which
To mix your colors warm and rich ?

The butterfly, in answer, said,
"The roses lend me pink and red,
The violets their deepest blue,
And every flower its chosen hue.

"My palette is a rose-leaf fair,
My brush is formed of maiden-hair,
And dew-drops shining in the grass
Serve nicely for my looking-glass."

NIXON WATERMAN.

JACK FROST.

THE Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, " Now, I shall be out of sight ;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain ;
But I'll be as busy as they !"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its
crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls ; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept :
Wherever he beathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen

Most beautiful things !—there were flowers and
trees

There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees ;
There were cities and temples and towers ; and
these

All pictured in silvery sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“ Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“ This costly pitcher I'll burst in three !
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking.”

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the
tree,

“ He's singing to me ! He's singing to me ! ”

And what does he say, little girl, little boy ?

“ Oh, the world's running over with joy !

Don't you hear ? Don't you see ?

Hush ! Look ! In my tree,

I'm as happy as happy can be ! ”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, “ A nest do
you see,

And five eggs hid by me in the juniper-tree ?

Don't meddle ! don't touch ! little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy !

Now I'm glad ! now I'm free !

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me.”

So the merry thrush sings away in the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me ;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

“ Oh, the world's running over with joy ;

But long it won't be,

Don't you know ? don't you see ?

Unless we are as good as can be ? ”

LUCY LARCOM.

THE FUNNIEST THING IN THE WORLD.

THE funniest thing in the world, I know,
Is watchin' the monkeys 'at's in the show !—
Jumpin' an' runnin' an' racin' roun',
'Way up to the top o' the pole ; nen down !
First they're here, an' nen they're there,
An' ist a'most any an' ever'where !—
Screechin' an' scratchin' wherever they go,
They're the funniest things in the world, I know !

They're the funniest thing in the world, I think ;—
Funny to watch 'em eat an' drink ;
Funny to watch 'em a-watchin' us,
An' actin' 'most like grown folks does !—
Funny to watch 'em p'tend to be
Skeerd at their tail 'at they happen to see ;—
But the funniest thing in the world they do
Is never to laugh, like me an' you !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Rhymes of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

CRIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet :
" I hate this warm weather ; it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh :
" Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
And cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen in the sweet-smelling hay."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again—
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain !
Now I am stronger ;
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
" Thanks to the sunshine !
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again ! "

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LITTLE HOME-BODY.

LITTLE Home-body is mother's wee pet,
Fairest and sweetest of housekeepers yet ;
Up when the roses in golden light peep,
Helping her mother to sew and to sweep.
Tidy and prim in her apron and gown,
Brightest of eyes, of the bonniest brown ;
Tiniest fingers, and needles so fleet !
Pattern of womanhood, down at my feet !

Little Home-body is grave and demure,
Weeps when you speak of the wretched and poor,
Though she can laugh in the merriest way
While you are telling a tale that is gay.
Lily that blooms in some lone, leafy nook ;
Sly little hide-away, moss-sided brook ;
Fairies are fine, where the silver dews fall ;
Home-fairies—these are the best of them all.

GEORGE COOPER.

LISA AND THE BIRDS.

"TELL me," said little Lisa,
The pretty child so sweet,
"Where do you tiny birdies
Find all you need to eat?"

The little birds in answer
Sang cheerily: "We know!

For us, a dainty table

Is spread where'er we go:

The good brown earth, so kindly,

Has scarce a single plant

Which will not feast the birdies,

When seeds or fruits they want."

So sang the birds to Lisa;

But Lisa, pitying, said:

"When little birds are tired

Where can they find a bed?"

Then gayly chirped the birdies,

"In every bush or tree

Where we may choose to build them

We have our dwellings free.

Leaf shaded and leaf hidden,

We safely go to rest:

Was never bed more cosy

Than is the birdie's nest."

Still questioned little Lisa :
 " But when you wish to drink,
What then ? " The birdies warbled :
 " We seek the brooklet's brink,
Or sip the dew of morning
 Which every leaf holds up :
Or take with joy the raindrops
 From some bright flower's cup.
And many a spring and fountain,
 And many a wayside pool,
Their sparkling waters offer,
 So fresh and pure and cool."
Then said the loving Lisa :
 " When winter cold is here,
And everything is frozen,
 Oh, you will starve, I fear."
Again the birds chirped gayly :
 " O little maiden kind,
We fly to lands of sunshine,
 Where summer joys we find.
And for the birds who stay here,
 Ev'n when cold winter comes,
Some child as sweet as you, dear,
 Will surely scatter crumbs."

EMILIE POULSSON. 1
From " The Norwegian."

THE FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

SAID the first little chicken, with a queer little squirm,

“ I wish I could find a fat little worm.”

Said the next little chicken, with an odd little sigh,

“ I wish I could find a fat little fly.”

Said the third little chicken, with a sharp little squeal,

“ I wish I could find some nice yellow meal.”

Said the fourth little chicken, with a small sigh of grief,

“ I wish I could find a green little leaf.”

Said the fifth little chicken, with a faint little moan,

“ I wish I could find a wee gravel stone.”

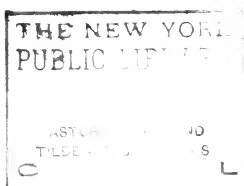
“ Now, see here,” said the mother, from the old garden patch,

“ If you want any breakfast, just come out here and scratch.”

ANONYMOUS.



"THE FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS."—Page 200.



SUPPOSE A LITTLE COW-SLIP.

SUPPOSE a little cow-slip should hang its golden
cup,

And say, "I'm such a tiny flower I'd better not
grow up."

How many a weary traveler would miss its fragrant
smell,

How many a little child would grieve to lose it
from its dell.

Suppose a glist'ning dewdrop upon the grass
should say,

"What can a little dewdrop do? I'd better roll
away."

The blade on which it rested, before the day was
done,

Without a drop to moisten it, would wither in the
sun.

Suppose the little breezes upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool the
traveler on his way.

Who would not miss the smallest, the softest ones
that blow,

And think they make a great mistake if they were
talking so?

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE JACK FROST.

LITTLE Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and the moon so still,
Watching the stars and the moon so bright,
And laughing alone with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Ah," sighed the flowers, "we freeze, we freeze."
"Ah," sighed the grasses, "we die, we die."
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye, Good-bye."
Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.

The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew ;
It was so warm and scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.

ANONYMOUS.

•

GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN is a comical chap,
He lives on the best of fare ;
Bright little jacket and trousers and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun.
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys ;
And soon as their legs grow strong,
Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song.
Under the hedge in a happy row,
Soon as the day is begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house,
It's under the hedge so gay,
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.

Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun ;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

GEORGE COOPER.

From "Songs and Games for Little Ones."

Price \$2.00. By arrangement with
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS?

Do you know how many stars
There are shining in the skies?
Do you know how many clouds
Ev'ry day go floating by?
God in heaven has counted all,
He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Loves you, too, and loves you well.

ANONYMOUS.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their
heads ;

And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below ;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by
name.

"Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer, now
Vixen.

On, Comet, on, Cupid, on, Dunder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot ;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how
merry ;

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

.....
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turn'd with a
jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night ! ”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE NEW MOON.

OH, mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night,
It was never so cunning before,
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there with you and my friends,
We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
We'd sit in the middle, and hold by both ends,
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
For fear we should rock on their toes,
And then we would rock till the dawn of the day
And see where the pretty moon goes.
And there we would stay in the beautiful skies
And through the bright clouds we would roam ;
We'd see the sun set, and we'd see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

MRS. ELIZA FOLLEN.

From "Songs and Games for Little Ones."

Price, \$2.00. By arrangement with
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

RHYMES ABOUT A LITTLE WOMAN.

THIS is the way the ladies ride—
Saddle-a-side, saddle-a-side !

This is the way the gentlemen ride—
Sitting astride, sitting astride !

This is the way the grandmothers ride—
Bundled and tied, bundled and tied !

This is the way the babykins ride—
Snuggled inside, snuggled inside !

This is the way when they are late,
They *all* fly over a five-barred gate.

WILLIAM CANTON.

SHOE OR STOCKING ?

IN Holland, children set their shoes,
This night, outside the door ;
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.

But here we hang our stockings up
On handy hook or nail ;
And Santa Claus, when all is still,
Will plump them, without fail.

Speak out, you sobersides, speak out,
And let us hear your views ;
Between a stocking and a shoe,
What do you see to choose ?

One instant pauses Sobersides,
A little sigh to fetch—
“ Well, seems to me a stocking’s best,
For wooden shoes won’t stretch ! ”

EDITH M. THOMAS.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

JESUS bids us shine
With a clear, blue light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
He looks down from Heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around ;
For many kinds of darkness,
In the world are found.
There's sin, there's want, there's sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

ANNA WARNER.

A SMALL BOY'S PLAIN.

WHEN the blizzard is blowing outside in the street,
I have to stay here in the house.
I have to sit quiet the whole of the time, as still as
a little brown mouse.
They won't let me tease my small brother at all, or
play with my small sister's things,
And mamma's not pleased if I stop in her room
and set up a store with rings.

And papa gets mad as a crazy March hare when I
cut pictures out of his books.
I cannot go down to the kitchen to stay because
we've the crossest of cooks.
The waitress don't like it if by some mischance I
upset the cranberry pie.
On blizzardy days there isn't a boy so unhappy and
tired as I.

The dog he snaps at me if I pull his tail, and pussy
she scratches my hand,
If I put her aboard the piano and play she's the
head of a musical band.



"I HAVE TO SIT QUIET."—Page 274.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

C

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.....
The baby he cries if I poke at his eyes, and his
nurse drives me out of the place,
And tells me that all through the rest of the day
she don't want a sight of my face.

I wish it would clear off, for I want to go out; I
cannot stay quiet and still.
I'm so full of moviness all of the time that sitting
down makes me feel ill.
I cannot do anything—no, not a thing—I can't say
I will or I won't;
I cannot go out and I cannot stay in, when there's
nothing to do but to don't.

ANONYMOUS.

FRISK'S CONFESSION.

I DID not take it,
Indeed, not I !
I'll tell you the story, I'll tell you **why**.
As I passed by the larder, miss,
All by myself,
I saw a fine fowl on the larder shelf.

I peeked through the door,
And said I to myself,
" Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder shelf ? "
" There's not the least doubt of it,"
Said I to myself,
" It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf."

" Well, then, never mind it,"
Said I to myself,
" Come away and don't look at the larder shelf."
But he would not obey me,
That wicked myself,
For he ate *all* the fowl on the larder shelf.

ANONYMOUS.

“SOME SMALL SWEET WAY.”

THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter ;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter ;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender ;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor ;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn like gladness voicing ;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO ?

WHERE do all the daisies go ?

I know, I know !

Underneath the snow they creep,

Nod their little heads and sleep,

In the springtime out they peep ;

That is where they go !

Where do all the birdies go ?

I know, I know !

Far away from winter snow

To the fair, warm South they go ;

There they stay till daisies blow,

That is where they go !

Where do all the babies go ?

I know, I know !

In the glancing firelight warm,

Safely sheltered from all harm,

Soft they lie on mother's arm,

That is where they go !

ANONYMOUS.

WHO TAUGHT THE BIRD?

WHO taught the bird to build her nest,
Of wool and hay and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?
Who taught the busy bee to fly,
Among the sweetest flow'rs,
And lay her store of honey by,
To last in winter's hours?

* * * * *

Who taught the little ant the way,
Its narrow nest to weave,
And through the pleasant summer day
To gather up its leaves?
'T was God who taught them all the way,
And gave them little skill.
He teaches children when they pray,
To do his holy will.

JANE TAYLOR.

UNCLE SIDNEY.

SOMETIMES, when I bin bad,
An' Pa "corrects" me nen,
An' Uncle Sidney he comes here,
I'm alluz good again ;

'Cause Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles,—
The goodest mens they is aint good
As baddest little childs !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Rhymes of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the
head ;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into
my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes
to grow,—
Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow ;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-
rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none
of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to
play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of
way.

.....
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you
can see ;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow
sticks to me !

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-
head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast
asleep in bed !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

From "Poems and Ballads."

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THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks ;
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;

For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire,

I was monarch ; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can.
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat ;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod ;
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

GOOD-BOY-LAND.

DID you ever hear of Good-Boy-Land,—
The wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land ?
Where houses of taffy, on every hand,
And mountains of plum cake and gingerbread
stand ?
Where the streets are all paved with doughnuts
brown,
And a wall of sweet almonds surrounds each town ?
Where a lemonade sea meets a white sugar strand ?
Oh, believe me, 't is jolly in Good-Boy-Land !

Marbles, both agates and snappers, are there,
Common as dust, in the streets and the square.
Peg-tops, in place of green leaves on the trees,
Whiz in the sunshine, and hum in the breeze.
Bicycles roll in a very queer way
Over the meadows and hide in the hay,—
While as for velocipedes, running so quick,
You'd hit half-a-dozen in throwing a stick.
Never before was a country so grand
As the wonderful kingdom of Good-Boy-Land.

Wait till I tell you the very strange rules
Followed in all their flourishing schools.
Out in the gardens their class-rooms are set,
(They never have rain, so they cannot get wet,)
And there upon bushes the lessons all grow ;
Plums of arithmetic hang in a row,—
Apples of history,—grapes of fine writing,
Drooping in clusters so sweet and inviting ;
Luscious ripe pears tumbling into their laps
Full of geography questions, and maps ;—
Nuts full of spelling, and oranges sweet
With algebra problems all ready to eat.
Believe me or not, this is certainly so,
And the more that you swallow the more you will
know.

Then in the winter 't is like to a dream,
With frozen pudding and fine ice-cream ;
But no more cold than a summer day,—
And the garden of lessons in bloom alway !
Merry sweet girls and bonny brown boys,—
Devouring their studies and picking their toys,—
Filling their lives in the jolliest way,
With dates and statistics, with sums and croquet ;—
For a dunce is a thing that they never could stand
In that wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land.

Never a quarrel, and never a scold,—
Never a cough there, and never a cold ;
Nobody dirty, and nobody bold,—
No one too hot there, and no one too cold.

Nobody ever comes walking down stair,
But slides on the banister, feet in the air.
Every one knows how to swim and to row,
Every one owns both a gun and a bow,—
A base-ball, a foot-ball, a jack-knife, a watch,
And a great pocket full of the best butter-scotch !
And this is the pleasantest part of the frolic,—
You can eat it all day without getting the colic !
Oh, where is the government ever was planned
With such laws and such order as Good-Boy-Land ?

Dolls are there, thicker than crows in the corn,—
Beautiful French ones as ever were born ;
Story-books, splendid in colors and gold,
Full of such stories as never were told.
There is nothing to tear there and nothing to
mend,
And every one's every one else's best friend.
Late you get up there, and late you lie down,
And always you wear there a Greenaway gown.
The wee-est wee girl there both dances and sings,
(You see you're like Fairies, but no one has wings)
And four-button gloves hang in pairs on each
hand
In that wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land.

ANONYMOUS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl ;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea-sets then,
And every kind of toy ;
But all those good old times are gone,
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts.
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe
He almost jumped for joy.
But I must own I did not like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit nor win ;



"I HAVE TO SIT AND JUST BE GOOD."—*Page 291.*

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

And leap-frog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank or Roy—
Oh ! no one knows how bad I feel,
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same
And now they're mostly white ;
I have to sit and just be good
While Will can climb and fight.
But I must keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl,
And worst—oh ! worstest thing of all,
I have to *stay* a girl!

ANONYMOUS.

JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me
Bill!

Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn
by Fauntleroy;

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in
the lake—

Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r belly-ache!
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no
flies on me,

But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the
cat;

Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she
is at!

Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys go out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a
ride!

But sometimes, when the grocery man' is worrited
and cross,

He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his
hoss ;
An' then I laff and holler : " Oh, you never teched
me ! "
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be !

Gram'ma says she hopes when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionerer like her oldes' brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's
isle,
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is
vile !
But gram'ma she had never been to see a Wild
West show,
Or read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess
she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r
me—
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I
kin be !

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an'
still—
His eyes they seem a-sayin' : " What's er matter,
little Bill ? "
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin'
what's become
Uv them two enemies uv hern that used to make
things hum !
But I am so perlite and stick so earnest like to biz,

That mother sez to father: "How improved our
Willie is!"

But father havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin
be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv candies,
cakes an' toys,

Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and not f'r
naughty boys!

So wash yer face, and bresh yer hair, an' mind yer
p's an' q's,

An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear
out yer shoes;

Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,

An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r
pie again;

But, thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon
that tree,

Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!

EUGENE FIELD.

PLAYING AT PARADISE.

SHE called to me with dancing eyes,
" We're both turned out of Paradise ;
The Tree of Knowledge was the pear,
That's over in the corner there.

" And, mother, dearest, Cousin Jake
Was simply splendid as the snake ;
He curved about the trunk ; to hiss
He shot his tongue out, just like this.

" He kicked the branches with his feet,
To knock us down some pears to eat,
And when we tasted them there came
An angel with a sword of flame.

" Bob was the angel ; and he said
We must dig thistles for our bread.
And though we digged with toil and pain,
He'd make the thistles grow again.

" But can he, mother ? And he says
The orchard's shut to us for days.

Do come, and make him let us in,
Because we're sorry for our sin."

I went ; and whirling by the gate
A wooden sword about his pate
I found our Bob in angel-wise
Guarding his orchard-paradise.

"Beware the flaming sword !" he cried,
"It turns all ways ! Don't come inside !"
"Now, Bob, run in," I laughing said,
"It's time all angels went to bed."

NORMAN GALE.

From "Songs for Little People."

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

THERE'S a little brown wren that has built in our
tree.

And she's scarcely as big as a big bumble-bee ;
She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb,
And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim
With the down of the crow's-foot, with tow, and
with straw,
The cosiest dwelling that ever you saw.

This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
And a foot of a very diminutive size ;
Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship ;
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a
skip ;
And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a
pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by,
And cast on the wren's house an envious eye ;
With a strut of bravado and toss of his head,
" I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said ,

So straightway he mounted on impudent wing,
And entered the door without pausing to ring.

An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight,
All tumbled and tumbled, in terror took flight,
While there by the door on her favorite perch,
As neat as a lady just starting for church,
With this song on her lips, "*He will not call
again*
Unless he is asked," said the little brown wren.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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AN IMPETUOUS RESOLVE.

WHEN little Dickie Swope's a man,
He's go' to be a Sailor ;
An' little Hamey Tincher, he's
A-go' to be a Tailor ;
Bud Mitchell, he's a-go' to be
A stylish Carriage-Maker ;
An' when *I* grow a grea'-big man,
I'm go' to be a Baker !

An' Dick'll buy his sailor-suit
O' Hame ; and Hame'll take it
An' buy as fine a double-rig
As ever Bud can make it ;
An' nen all three'll drive roun' fer me,
An' we'll drive off togevver,
A-slingin' pie-crust 'long the road
Ferever an' ferever !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

From " Songs of Childhood."

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.



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